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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors,
A. H. SANBORN,

Mercury Building,
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Established June 1766, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto, weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Touching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

THE MERCURY ALMANAC

The Mercury Almanac for 1922 is now being prepared at the Mercury Office and will be ready for issue about Christmas time. This will be the 47th year of this interesting and valuable publication, and it promises to be larger and better than ever before. It has many times been pronounced by experts in different parts of the country to be the finest and best publication of its kind issued in the United States.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thursday proved to be very disagreeable day for Thanksgiving, the moist snow of Wednesday evening being followed by a cold drizzle which continued throughout the day. All out-of-door sports that had been scheduled for the holiday were indefinitely postponed because of the inclement weather, and most people kept shut up indoors. Nevertheless, the holiday spirit prevailed and there were many family reunions which brought good cheer.

There were special services at many of the churches in the morning, although the congregations were about of the usual size. In the evening there were a number of dances, both public and private, and the movie houses had good audiences.

The annual Thanksgiving Day dinner for the news and messenger boys of the city, provided through the generosity of Mrs. Fred W. Vanderbilt, was served at Masonic Hall in the afternoon, under the auspices of the King's Daughters, and there was no lack of demand for accommodations at the tables which groaned under the weight of the bountiful good things. Mrs. T. Fred Kaull was in charge, as usual, and that everything passed off smoothly was due to her untiring efforts, backed by the assistance of a large number of willing workers. Rev. John Howard Deming, rector of St. George's Church, gave a short address and music was furnished by an orchestra headed by Mr. Charles A. Hall.

In many family homes the traditional turkey was replaced by less expensive foods, the price of turkey this year being the highest on record, from 60 to 70 cents a pound being an average price. Although there are reported to be millions of turkeys in cold storage the dealers were apparently disposed to hold them back in order to keep the price up. It is hoped that there may be a reduction in price before Christmas.

The annual meeting of the Newport Ministers' Union was held on Monday, when Rev. Harold S. Capron was elected president, Rev. Wilbur Nelson vice president, and Rev. H. J. Johnson secretary-treasurer. The executive committee consists of Rev. W. H. Desjardins, Rev. J. D. Hamlin and Rev. A. T. Peters.

There was a fire at the Training Station last Saturday evening, one of the deserted wooden shacks being destroyed and others being threatened. The Station fire department was able to handle the fire and to confine the blaze to the one building. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The wedding of Miss Helen Nolan, daughter of Mr. Augustus Nolan, and Dr. John L. Healy, took place at St. Augustin's Church on Thursday, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends.

SUMMER PROPERTY CHANGES

It is generally believed that next summer will see a considerable revival of summer activities in Newport. Several large houses that have not been opened for a considerable time will probably be occupied by their owners. Some properties have already changed hands and more are in negotiation, and even though the depreciation on real estate appears to be large the fact that the houses will be occupied instead of standing vacant will mean a great deal for Newport.

The sale of the Brooks property to Mr. and Mrs. John Aspegren means that this handsome and valuable estate will be re-opened after many years, and it will doubtless be the scene of some large entertainments. "Marble House," on Bellevue avenue is receiving some renovation and the indications are that it will be occupied another season, perhaps by its owner and perhaps not. Mr. Moses Taylor is spending a great deal of money on his new residence at the Glen, and when that is ready for occupancy it will probably mean considerable for the business men of Newport. With the elimination of some of the taxes that the wealthy people have been compelled to pay for several years, our summer residents will feel able to spend more money on entertaining in Newport, which should result in increased prosperity for Newport business men.

Another important change of real estate has also been announced this week. Mr. and Mrs. Marion Eppley having purchased the beautiful E. D. Morgan property known as "Beacon Rock." This is one of the most attractive estates in Newport, having a wonderful location overlooking the harbor and bay. It was built by Commodore Morgan a number of years ago, and has generally been occupied by the family during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eppley have been residents of Newport for several years, but hitherto have occupied rented houses, their first season being spent at "The Moorings" on Hallidon Hill, while Mr. Eppley was Commander in the Navy during the war. Recently they have occupied the cottage at 125 Rhode Island avenue. For several years Mr. Eppley has conducted an electro-chemical laboratory on Sheffield avenue where the most delicate work is done. Both Mr. and Mrs. Eppley have taken a deep interest in Newport and have entered heartily into every activity that has seemed worth while.

NAVAL OFFICERS GRADUATE

A class of twenty-five naval officers was graduated from the Naval War College last Saturday and received their diplomas at the hand of Rear Admiral William S. Sims, president of the College. Admiral Sims read a very interesting address, touching particularly on the great danger of ultra conservatism, and was heartily applauded at its conclusion. Rear Admiral Henry A. Wiley was the valedictorian and made a very pleasing address. There was quite a large gathering of officers and ladies in the large auditorium of the Training Station.

Many of the officers in the class have already left Newport with their families to take up their new duties to which they have been assigned following their graduation.

The U. S. S. Alameda, which was scheduled to sail from Newport next week bearing the mail for the naval vessels in foreign waters, was badly damaged by fire at sea a few days ago. In consequence, orders have been issued for the U. S. S. Sapolo to take her place with the mail, and the latter vessel will sail from Newport on December 8.

Mr. George K. Brown, a member of a stock company now playing at a local theatre, took an overdose of medicine at his boarding house on Clarke street early Wednesday morning. He was found on the street by a policeman and hurried to the Newport Hospital, where his condition is not regarded as serious.

The steamship Nervier, from Antwerp to New York, put into Newport harbor last Saturday for a supply of coal. After taking on about 160 tons she proceeded for New York.

The case of Benjamin T. Peck vs. Bryant & Bateson of this city has been dismissed from the Superior Court for lack of prosecution.

Mr. Andrew P. Quinn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew K. Quinn of this city, has been admitted to practice at the Rhode Island bar.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city on Monday, December 8.

NEW FERRY SUGGESTED

While the voters of the town of Jamestown some time ago turned down the proposition to loan money to the Ferry Company for the building of a new steamer to improve the service on the ferry, the proposition is by no means dead. A proposition has been put up to several Newport financial institutions to loan the necessary amount, on the ground that the improvement in service would be of as great benefit to Newport as to Jamestown. It is possible that some means may be found to finance the steamer before the opening of another season.

There is also another proposition for a ferry boat to run as an opposition line, or possibly as an auxiliary line. A number of property owners in Newport and Jamestown, representing large interests, have been making a careful study of the situation for a number of months, and there is a possibility that they may put on a ferry service of their own, to cover both the East and West ferries. The traffic on the regular Jamestown ferries has been carefully checked up during the busy period, with a view to ascertaining what the possibilities for lucrative business may be. Terminal facilities have been located in Newport, Jamestown and Sauntertown, and while no purchases have been made, it has been found that property is available in every place.

There is no question but that better ferry service is urgently needed, and whether it comes through the established ferry or an opposition line does not seem to make any material difference to the business interests of Newport. Touring motorists passing through New England have learned to avoid the ferry because of the congestion and interminable delays and there is no doubt but that Newport as well as Jamestown has suffered.

BEACH COMMITTEE REPORT

The Chamber of Commerce committee on Easton's Beach, of which Dr. P. Beck is chairman, has made its recommendations to the Council Commission on the Beach, and the latter body is now studying them in preparation for the completion of its report. In some respects the recommendations coincide with those of other bodies, and in some they are radically different. The committee has made a careful study and a thorough investigation of other beaches and presents what it considers for the best interests of the city as a whole.

The most radical recommendation of this committee is that legislation be sought to authorize the creation of a commission of five, to be appointed by the Mayor, to have full authority to lease the Beach but that no lease shall run for a longer term than five years. The report further recommends that this commission consider the re-leasing of the Beach for a short term, with its present buildings only, after they have been made properly sanitary, and that the city rebuild and develop the Beach, using fireproof construction only.

The committee believes that the main purpose of Beach development should be for bathing and athletic sports, etc., the amusements and concessions being strictly limited.

A plan of development is presented, going into the matter at much detail, and it is urged that the town of Middletown cooperate with the City of Newport in that portion of the Beach which lies across the town line. It is felt that the whole Beach should be considered instead of stopping at an arbitrary municipal boundary.

At the meeting of the Members Council of the Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday evening, there was a full discussion of the general condition of Newport and it was generally agreed that the necessity for a hotel was of the first importance. It has seemed impossible to induce anybody to build a hotel for Newport and the members were told plainly that it is now up to the citizens and business men of Newport to act for themselves.

A naval man named Thomas H. Dee is being held in \$500 bail for a hearing in the District Court on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon. Wednesday night there was a cutting affair followed by an altercation in the Apollo Lunch Room, in which two local men were painfully cut by a razor. Dee was locked up and pleaded not guilty to the charge when arraigned in the police court.

There seems to be a likelihood that the bill introduced by Congressman Burdick for a survey of that portion of the harbor south of Long Wharf will be passed by Congress. This is the initial step toward a thorough dredging of that portion of the harbor in order to provide additional landing places, of which the city is greatly in need.

UNITY CLUB

The first dramatic reading of the fall season will be staged before the Unity Club in Channing Parlors next Tuesday evening, when members of the Club will present "What Happened to Jones," a farce in three acts, under the direction of Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn. The play is screamingly funny, and should prove highly entertaining to the audience. One great advantage in this play is that there is no change of scene during the entire evening, thus avoiding the tiresome waits between acts that frequently accompany the setting up of intricate scenes.

The cast for next Tuesday's reading includes the following: Jones (who travels for a hymn-book house) John C. Hass; Ebenezer Goodly (a professor of anatomy) Alvah H. Sanborn; Anthony Goodly, D. D., (Bishop of Ballarat) Henry C. Wilkinson; Richard Hetherly (engaged to Marjorie) Charles M. Callahan; Thomas Holder (a policeman) Arthur H. Peckham; William Higbee (an inmate of a sanatorium) Henry R. Taber; Henry Fuller (superintendent of the Sanatorium) William H. Holt; Mrs. Goodly (Ebenezer's wife) Mrs. Louise G. Green; Cissy (Ebenezer's ward) Mrs. Winona S. Carr; Marjorie (daughter of Ebenezer) Mrs. Dorothy K. Quinn; Minerva (another daughter) Mrs. Meta A. Slocum; Alvina Starlight (Mrs. Goodly's sister) Miss Almyra Coffin; Helma (Swedish servant girl) Mrs. Alta C. Sanborn.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening, because of the holiday on Thursday. President Hughes presided and considerable business was transacted.

Mrs. Annie R. Cummings presented a claim against the city for damages to the amount of \$325. She claims that a retaining wall on her land on Hallow avenue was damaged by an overflow of water caused by a culvert of insufficient size which was installed by the highway department. The matter was referred to a committee for investigation.

Bids were opened for repairs to several fire stations and the contract for the carpenter work went to Benjamin K. Tanner and for painting to Armstrong Hurley.

A large amount of routine business was transacted and many licenses were granted.

OLD GRIST MILLS

Mr. Charles P. Coggeshall of Brookline, Mass., formerly a Middletown boy, delivered a very interesting address before the Newport Historical Society at its regular quarterly meeting on Monday afternoon, his subject being "Old Rhode Island Grist Mills." This topic was one with which Mr. Coggeshall was very familiar and his address treated upon the matter of old mills very exhaustively. It was a surprise to many of his audience to learn the location of some of these mills, practically in the center of what is now the City of Newport. Out on the Island, of course, there were many windmills, as well as some run by water power, and only a few are now remaining.

Mr. Coggeshall was given an unanimous vote of thanks for his very interesting address.

AMERICAN LEGION

At the regular meeting of Newport Post of the American Legion, the following list of officers was nominated to be balloted upon at the next meeting:

Commander—George H. Fitzgerald. Vice Commander—Emil E. Jemall. Adjutant—George H. Laird. Financial Officer—Arthur P. Jennings, Jr. Service Officer—William H. Huntington. Chaplain—Rev. Julian D. Hamlin. Sergeant-at-Arms—Daniel James Connerton. Executive Committee—William P. Sheffield, Jr., James M. Dwyer, Walter Curry, John P. Sullivan, John P. Nolan, Jr., Daniel McCoy, William Murphy, David J. Dugan, Joseph J. Josephson, Charles H. Hallendorf, and Norman Sayer.

Vice Admiral deBon, a distinguished officer of the French Navy who has been in Washington to attend the disarmament conference, arrived in Newport on Thursday afternoon and has been the guest of Rear Admiral and Mrs. William S. Sims at the Naval War College. He was accompanied by Capt. Frochet and Lieutenant Commander Odenhall. In the evening a dinner was given in his honor by Admiral and Mrs. Sims, and on Friday there was a public reception at the Admiral's residence in the War College.

Mr. Howard Hilder, the well known landscape artist, has gone to Florida for the winter.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Town Council Organizes

An organization of the town council for two years took place at the town hall Monday afternoon, when Henry C. Sherman was chosen President. The oath of office was administered by the Town Clerk to the five members, including Henry C. Sherman, John H. Spooner, Jr., Joseph A. Peckham, Alden P. Barker and Charles S. Ritchie. Henry C. Sherman was authorized to countersign the checks of the Town Treasurer.

Joseph A. Peckham was appointed a committee to let the town hall and to have the custody of the buildings and other property on the town house lot. Complaint being made by Isabella Dring of unsanitary conditions existing on the premises of Annie L. Peckham, on Green End avenue, Charles S. Ritchie was appointed a committee to examine into the conditions complained of.

Howard R. Peckham was appointed a committee to procure a draft of an act to be presented to the General Assembly, authorizing the town council to appoint a Chief of Police.

He was also appointed a committee to procure the draft of another act, which would give to the towns and cities in the State a part of the fines collected for excessive speeding of motor vehicles on the highways.

Henry C. Sherman was appointed a committee to confer with the trustees of the Newport Hospital in regard to rates of compensation to be paid by persons treated at the Hospital.

A petition was presented by Major Henry W. Stiness, of U. S. Infantry of the First Corps, Headquarters at Boston, in behalf of David I. O'Connor, asking the town council to request the Town Sergeant to withdraw the criminal complaint preferred by him in August, 1921, against O'Connor, in the District Court. On the evening of August 6, O'Connor was driving along the West Main Road with a high powered Cadillac automobile, ran over and killed Joseph Perry Faria and inflicted injuries on another man named Goularte. Ever since this accident occurred, O'Connor has remained beyond the boundaries of this State, to avoid arrest. The matter was laid before the Grand Jury at the October session of the Superior Court, but no bill of indictment was returned. Mayor Stiness read to the Council on Monday several affidavits taken without notice to the State, (ex parte), and given by individuals first to arrive at the scene of the accident or living in the vicinity. The Council voted to grant the petition.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: Peckham Bros. Co., for constructing 770 feet of roadbed on North end of Paradise avenue, \$3814; Peckham Bros. Co., for extra work on Paradise avenue, \$49.00; Joseph A. Peckham, for work on highways in Road dist. No. 4, \$31.90; G. Alvin Simmons, for work on Greene's Lane, \$40; Joseph L. Chace, for over-sewing work on Paradise avenue, \$82.50; Charles Peckham, for repairing bridge on Wapping Road, \$2.00; Charles Peckham, for making out deeds of burial lots, \$14; Herald Publishing Co., for advertising notice of canvass meeting, \$10.50; Wm. E. Whitman, for repairing cemetery gate, \$1.75; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at Town Hall, \$2.24; Robert M. Wetherell, for work in Middle-town cemetery, \$32; William H. Layton, for services as engineer in laying out new road bed on Paradise avenue, \$50; Packer Braman, for premiums for insuring town hall and other buildings, \$142.18; Clifton B. Ward, for care of stray horse, \$5.60; New England Tel. & Tel. Co., for use of three telephones, \$7.86; Mary E. Manchester, for assistance in Town Clerk's office for five weeks, \$50; Pascal M. Conley, James W. Barker, Joseph F. Murphy and George Nathan Smith, for services as Supervisors, \$5.00 each, \$20.00.

Minor town officers were appointed for the present municipal year as follows: Fence Viewers—Elisha A. Peckham, Howard G. Peckham and Percy T. Bailey.

Auctioneers—Edward E. Peckham, James A. Taber, Jesse I. Durfee. Cemetery Committee—Charles Peckham, Frank T. Peckham and Robert M. Wetherell.

Town Scaler—Thomas G. Ward. Pound Keeper—Thomas G. Ward. Weighers of Meat Cattle—James R. Chase, Restcom S. Peckham.

Public Weighers—Joseph F. Murphy, Edward J. Peckham, G. Alvin Simmons. Inspector of Petroleum—Charles H. Carr.

Commissioner of Wrecks—Restcom E. Peabody.

Police Constables—James Bloomfield, Alan R. Wheeler, Fillmore Coggeshall, G. Alvin Simmons, John L. Simmons, Jr., Philip Caswell, Jesse I. Durfee, M. Leroy Dennis.

Bird Constables—Charles H. Sisson, Daniel A. Peckham, Henry I. Chase, Jr., Jesse I. Durfee.

Tramp Constables—Elisha A. Peckham, G. Alvin Simmons.

Liquor Constable—Alan R. Wheeler. Health Officer—Thomas G. Ward.

Veteran Soldiers' Officer—Charles Peckham.

Forest Warden—William H. Sisson. Inspector of Pork and Beef—Lawrence M. Greason.

Coroner—Benjamin W. H. Peckham.

In Probate Court the second account of Eliot G. Parkhurst, as administrator de bonis non with the will annexed on the estate of Isaac Barker, and his second account as guardian of Laura A. Barker, were referred to the third Monday in December and notice of their pendency entered to be given.

The Rogers High School football team was officially disbanded before Thanksgiving Day.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Supper and Dance

The ladies of St. Anthony's Church recently gave a supper and dance at Fair Hall for the benefit of the Church. The menu consisted of chicken salad, sliced ham, rolls, pickles, cake and coffee. More than 100 chickens, which were used in the salad, were given for this purpose.

Miss Anna Coggeshall was the chairman of the committee, assisted by Mrs. Barker, Mrs. M. J. Murphy, Mrs. J. Frank Chase, Mrs. Frank Corcoran, Mrs. Daniel Barrett, Mrs. Clifton Peckham, Mrs. A. Sisson, Mrs. Landers, Mrs. M. Lopes, Mrs. Frank Davis, Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Patrick F. Murphy, Mrs. Honora McGovern, Mrs. Joseph Perry, Mrs. Ferreira, Mrs. Manuel Miranda, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Martin, Miss Edith De Terra and Miss Cadoza.

The men of the parish assisted materially. The ladies in charge of the tables were Mrs. Clifford Peckham and Mrs. John Gorton, assisted by Misses Helen and Edith De Terra, Emma and Rosita Cadoza, Mary Martin, Annie and Kate Davis, Lena Kreider, Theresa Virdinilla and Miss Oliveria.

After the supper dancing was enjoyed until a late hour in Mayer Hall. Music was furnished by the Newport Banjo Band. Salad, ham, etc., were auctioned off by Mr. Louis Corcoran.

Eureka Lodge of this town conducted the funeral of Brother Hubert Grabb of Highland Road, Tiverton, on Sunday. Services were held in the Central Baptist Church, Tiverton, and the interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery, Fall River, where the Masonic burial service was conducted by Worshipful Master Herbert B. Ashley and officers and members of the lodge.

Eulogies were sent from the Eureka Lodge and Aquidneck Chapter, No. 9 of this town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham have as guests Mr. and Mrs. J. Austin Peckham, who came from Wellesley, Mass., on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Peckham also entertained on Thanksgiving Day Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison Peckham and family.

Mr. Frank Lema purchased the cottage and farm of Mr. Thomas J. Sweet, which was sold at auction last week. The purchase price was \$8600. The farm is located on Mill Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Elliott attended the funeral of Mr. Gilmoro in Providence. Mr. Gilmoro was found dead in his bed, death being due to asphyxiation. Mr. Gilmoro was Mrs. Elliott's father. He is survived by five other daughters and a son, Russell Gilmoro, who is in the Navy, being stationed at the Torpedo Station.

Mrs. Peter J. Malone has been called to Phoenix, R. I., by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Dixon.

Mrs. Almira Tallman is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Josephine Brown, at her home on Quaker Hill. Mrs. Tallman recently celebrated her eighty-second birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Restcom P. Manchester quietly observed the forty-eighth anniversary of their marriage recently at their home, Upland Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Mott and daughter Ruth and Mrs. Mott's sister and brother, Miss Isabelle Fish and Mr. William Fish, spent Thanksgiving and the week end with their brother, Mr. Arthur Fish, and Mrs. Fish, of Waterville, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Fish celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of their marriage on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. Robert W. Downing is spending a few days at his home here. Mrs. Downing is guest of Mr. Downing's daughter at her home in Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Downing had to give up their tour of the West and South, with their play, "Forbidden Love," with which they were to tour by automobiles.

Dr. Berton W. Storrs has been ill at the Newport Hospital where he underwent a slight operation.

Miss Hazel Ford recently entertained a party of about 35 friends at the Italy Cross Guild House in honor of her birthday.

The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Post, No. 18, American Legion, was held on Monday evening at Oakland Hall. A supper of baked beans, brown bread, coffee, doughnuts and cheese was served.

A machine from Pawtucket skidded on the wet road on Sunday and ran into the wall in front of Mr. Ernest Sisson's home just south of Mint Water switch. Both wheels on the left side of the machine were broken off.

Another accident occurred recently at the foot of Quaker Hill. Mr. Herbert Hall was driving a Reo truck and Mr. Raymond Usher was driving a Ford. The fog was so thick that they did not see each other. The Ford was battered up some and Mrs. Usher, who was an occupant, was taken to the Newport Hospital, where she was found to be seriously injured. Mr. Usher had to have seven stitches taken in his face. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Fish, Jr., who were with them, were badly shaken up, but otherwise escaped injury. Mr. Hall had a friend with him who was thrown out, but he was not seriously injured, while Mr. Hall escaped entirely. The truck had a broken windshield and a bent left fender.

At a recent meeting of the corporation of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches, which was held at the home of the junior warden, Mr. Restcom P. Manchester, it was voted to extend a call to Rev. James P. Conover. Mr. Conover is well known in this town and Middletown, having resided there on Indian avenue. Rev. Mr. Conover is at present the headmaster of St. Bernard School, Gladston, N. J.

The GIRLAHORSE AND A DOG

By
FRANCIS LYND

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CHAPTER I.

Cousin Percy's Little Joke.

I suppose every one has had the experience of waking in the middle of the night to find everything perfectly still and quiet and normal, and yet with the impression persisting that there had been a tremendous crash of some sort just before the waking senses were alive enough to realize it. It was some such razing jolt as this that gave me on the morning when I was called in, with the other members of the family, to listen to the reading of my grandfather's will.

But, first, however, to give some idea of the conditions precedent, as a lawyer would say. My father—good, easy-going, comfort-loving Dad!—never owned what Grandfather Dudley, purking his thin lips and snapping the words out, called "the money house." As an architect high in his profession and with fine artistic feeling for the beautiful in buildings, he earned a liberal income—and spent it; or so much of it that there was barely enough left after his death to provide for my mother and sister, and to keep me going, as you might say, in an exceedingly modest manner. Without work, I mean. I may as well confess, at once, that I had never acquired the "work habit." I was always "going to," but it was so fatally easy to keep on postponing the chilling plunge. I suppose I had been ready on at least half a dozen occasions to take a dive into some pool with a salary attachment; but always some good friend would "bop up to say, 'Oh, come on, Stan, old man; we're lacking just one more to make up the bunch. Don't be a clam. Time enough to settle down when you have to,' and then it would be all off.

Besides, you see, there was always Grandfather Jasper in the background. He had money—lashings of it, so we all believed; and it had been a family understanding for years that he intended splitting the bulk of it, fifty-fifty, between my cousin Percy and me. Before we go any further, let me set it down that Cousin Percy was—and is—all the seventeen different kinds of things that I am not, and never wished to be; smooth, neat, well-groomed, a "grind" in college and a "perfect deer" with the girls, unblinking as the very devil, and measuring his friends by the amount of "pull" they might be able to exert in his behalf; there you have him from the crown of his well-brushed little head to his patent-leather pumps.

"You're a right, Stan, he would say, in his carefully polished diplomatic manner—he had a billet in the Department of State at Washington, and was in training for the legation service abroad—"you are a perfect fright. Three whole years out of college, and you haven't done a single, solitary useful thing yet. When are you going to begin? And, incidentally, how long are you going to keep Lisette waiting?"

Oh, Lord!—right there was another knot in the tangle—Lisette. We had agreed to agree—Lisette and I—some six months or so in advance of Grandfather Jasper's death, and we were both perfectly well assured, and had assured each other a dozen times, that my income from Dad's estate wasn't more than half big enough to marry on. You see, it was this way: Lisette was one of a family of four girls in a mighty expensive household, and there wasn't anything to lean on on that side of the fence. Though, of course, we never discussed it brutally in so many words, we were waiting for that fifty-fifty look-in at the will which family tradition declared had already been drawn up, signed, sealed, witnessed and put away in cold storage; otherwise in the safe-keeping of Grandfather Jasper's family lawyer.

All of which may serve to bring us back to that nightmare effect registered at the start. When the Dudley will was taken out of the toolbox and read to the assembled members of the family, there were at least two shocking surprises. Jasper hadn't been anywhere near as rich as we had all been thinking he was; that his modest manner of living had been, perhaps, as much a matter of necessity as of choice. Bad investments—of which the family had never heard so much as a whisper—had cut his fortune down to something less than half a million. All told, that was shock Number One; and shock Number Two was surely personal to me: Grandfather Jasper had left me his love and best wishes, and had willed the money, and property—all of it, mind you—to Cousin Percy, giving as his reason that he thought Percy would make better use of it.

Of course, I had every body's sympathy and condolence—even Percy's, for that matter. My mother wept; and, as I recall it, Lisette moved to compare a tear or so when I told her what had happened; or so it seemed to me. I was so awfully fitted to happen.

"Whatever will you do?" she faltered. "I suppose you will really have to go to work now, won't you, Stan?"

"Faint the thought!" I told her; "I gave the best reason why I was no longer for in this district. 'A fair share of the money'—that's what I can make out of it."

rather lukewarm love-dream, and to be really honest and aboveboard about it, I am obliged to confess that it didn't break as many bones for me as I suppose it should have. Anyway, a half-hour or so after I had said good-bye to Lisette I met Jack Downing; and when he asked me if I didn't want to go with him and a bunch of the fellows for a little spin down the coast of Maine in his motor cruiser, I fell for the invitation so suddenly that he hadn't a ghost of a chance to back out, if he had wanted to.

So, a few hours beyond that touching little scene at "The Rockerie," you may figure me, if you please, spinning the wheel of one of the nuttiest little boats on the North shore, with a fresh nor'easter blowing and the sea getting up to give me the time of my young life to hold the Guinevere to her course, nor' nor'east, half a point east, as we lifted the Shouls on our port bow.

In such jolly good company as we had aboard the stout ship Guinevere, three full days elapsed before I thought of Percy or his joke ever entered my head again; and it's a ten-to-one shot that I wouldn't have thought of him, or it, during the remainder of the cruise if we hadn't been obliged to tie up at Rockland for motor repairs. This, as I recall it, was on the fourth day, and it was a



You Can Figure Me, if You Please, Spinning the Wheel of One of the Nuttiest Little Boats on the North Shore.

dog that made me remember; a mongrel cur that followed the motor cruiser down to the wharf; a most disreputable looking mongrel, at that, but—by love! he had the magic markings! Half of his face, measuring from a line drawn straight down over the tip of his nose, was black; and the other half was a dingy, dirty white.

So then I did a little rapid figuring on train schedules. If Percy had left Washington as I knew he was planning to, my diplomatic cousin should have been, at that figuring moment, just about due in San Francisco. That being the case, or the likelihood, I toddled up to the telegraph office and sent a message, addressing it in care of the captain of whatever might be the next steamer due to sail for ports in China. All I said was: "Your letter was as funny as an hour in a dentist's chair. Bon voyage to you."

Night found us still tied to the Rockland wharf; and just as we were getting up from dinner in the yacht's saloon, here came a boy with a telegram. The wire was from Percy, and it said:

"Don't be a complete fool. It was no joke at all. Ask my lawyer."

Even then, I didn't go off at half-cock, though I have often been called an impulsive Jackass. The thing was still too ridiculous to bite very hard. But further along in the evening, when I got to thinking it over, and more especially when it was shoved in upon me that I really did owe it to Lisette not to turn down even the tenth part of a chance to provide her with the means of buying her future hints, the die was cast, as the play-writers say. I made some sort of a foolish excuse to Jack Downing and the other fellows, caught a night train for Boston, stopped off at the home station long enough to pack a couple of grips and to tell my mother and sister good-bye, and the thing was—oh, no; not done—nothing like that. It was only just begun.

CHAPTER II.

A Needle in a Haystack.

Since my happy hunting-ground began in the middle of Colorado, I took a ticket to Denver by way of Chicago and Omaha. As I recall it now, it was after the train had passed North Platte that I first became sensibly conscious, as you might say, of the fact that the man in the opposite section of the sleeping-car had a little Pullman table set up in front of him, and was studying maps—and blue-prints. He was a rather efficient-looking fellow of maybe thirty-two or three, with dark hair and eyes, and what Lisette would have called a determined nose, and he sported a beard and mustache, nut-brown as to color, and neatly trimmed. Further along we met in the smoking room, at a time when the stuffy little den had to other occupants. Mr. Opposite Section's only cigar turned out to have a broken wrapper, so I naturally tendered my own pocket-case. That served to break the ice and we talked, dabbled, along from one compartment to another until finally Brown-beard said:

"You don't by any chance happen to be a mining engineer, do you?"

"No, I'm from New York," I replied; "nothing so useful as that."

"I don't know," he hesitated to say, half apologetically. "I saw your steve-

log maps as we came along." Now, ordinarily I'm apt to talk a lot too much about my own affairs—I'll admit it; but this was one time when I had a sort of hunch not to. So I merely said:

"I saw you doing the same thing." "Sure you did," he admitted cheerfully. Then he told me his name—which I got as Bull-ton, or Bull-ton, or something like that—and said he was a mining engineer, which was the reason why he had asked me if I wasn't one.

Past that, the talk ran mostly upon his profession, and since the mysterious hunch was still nudging me, I let him have the floor, so to speak, figuring chiefly myself as a good listener. "Yes; we do run across some rather queer propositions in our trade," he said, after he had given me some sort of an idea of what a mining engineer's job is like. "In my own experience, for example, the only sure shot I have ever had—or possibly ever will have—got away from me."

It was up to me to bite, and, of course, I did it.

"How was that?"

"The man died," he replied laconically.

That sounded rather interesting, so I gave him another pinch.

"Tell me about it; if it won't bore you."

He grinned good-naturedly—and ac-



He Grinned Good-Naturedly and Accepted Another Cigar.

cepted another cigar out of my pocket-case.

"You'll be the one to be bored. It was this way: A little over a year ago I was on my way to Chicago with a report that I had been making on some properties in the Cripple Creek district. In the Denver-Omaha Pullman I fell in with a nice old gentleman who had been buying himself a gold brick in the shape of a thousand mine. The mine had at one time been a 'producer,' though not by any means what you'd call a 'bonanza.' After a rather extended dividend-paying period—I don't know just how long, though it was some years—the luck changed, as sometimes happens. In sinking and drifting the operators had uncovered another vein which was exceedingly rich. Don't let me talk your arm off."

"Go ahead," said I. "My arms are insured."

"Well, at about the time that they struck this new underlying vein, they also struck water; so much of it as to lead them to suspect that they had tapped an underground lake. The old gentleman wasn't exactly a woolly sheep—in the Wall Street sense of the term. He had owned stock in the mine for a long time, and it had been paying him dividends, right along. So naturally, after the new strike was announced, he was perfectly willing to own more. I don't know what his investment was, but he gave me to understand that it was something like half a million. In less than a month after the deal was closed the mine was drowned and went out of business."

"Still, I don't see your lost opportunity," I threw in.

"I'm coming to that. As it happens, my specialty as an engineer is the unwatering of wet mines. The old gentleman had maps and profiles with him; the records of a very careful and excellent topographical survey. I'm reasonably certain that I discovered a way in which that mine can be drained at comparatively small expense."

"I told him I thought I could do it; but I didn't give my plan away. Instead, I made him a proposition; offered to undertake the drainage job at my own costs. If I should succeed, he was to deed me a fourth interest in the property. If I didn't succeed, it was to cost him nothing—sort of a contingent fee, as a lawyer would say."

I laughed. "You made an offer like that to a stranger? and on a mine that he had never seen?"

He grinned good-naturedly and got back at me, quick.

"All business is a taking of chances. As the matter stood at that stage of the game, I had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and the only chance I was taking was in the bet on my own ability as an engineer. The old man was a queer old codger in some respects; as secretive and cautious as an old fox. For example: he had carefully clipped the name of the mine from the blue-prints and other papers, and in all our talk he never once let that name slip, and never even mentioned the name of the district in which the mine was located. But in spite of all this caution he drew up a sort of option agreement with me."

"We found a lawyer and had the agreement drawn up in legal form. The time limit was to be a year, and each of us was to put up a thousand dollars to make the agreement binding. If either of us should wish to withdraw within that time, he was to be liable to do so by fulfilling the con-

dition of a thousand dollars to the other. If neither of us withdrew by or before the end of the year, I was to be at liberty to go ahead with my drainage project, and the agreement bound the owner to turn over a one-fourth interest in the property to me upon the completion of the job and the unwatering of the mine."

"At the moment I was under engagement to go to Peru for a Chicago syndicate, and I expected to be out of the United States for at least six months, and maybe longer. As it turned out, the South American job was a lot bigger than I had anticipated, and for that reason the time limit of a year expired a week ago, on the day that I landed in New York. Yesterday I called upon the Omaha banker, and he gave me the cheering information that my old man was dead—had died just a few days earlier."

"Still, I don't see how you have lost out," I put in.

"Wait; here comes the funny part of it. Mr. Banker tells me solemnly that I am remembered in my old gentleman's disposition of some cash legacies made just before his death, and I'm to have the thousand dollars which he put up as a forfeit. I took the prize down and spent some of it within the next few minutes wiring the old man's home lawyer, whose name and address the banker had given me. I briefed the situation for the lawyer, said I was ready to fulfill my part of the contract, and asked him to wire me the name and location of the mine. You'd never guess in a thousand years the kind of an answer I got."

I shook my head.

"No; probably not. What was it?"

"It was a bolt from the blue, all right. Mr. Home Lawyer wired that his client had never owned a share of mining stock in his life, that there was nothing in his papers or records bearing upon the subject of my telegram, and that I must be either drunk or crazy. Of course, he didn't put it just that way in his reply, but that is what he meant."

"How do you sort it out?" I inquired.

"The lawyer's telegram? I put it up that my cautious, secretive old gentleman never told anybody at home about his mining investments; kept them in a separate pocket, so to speak. Quite possibly he didn't have any other excepting the one I've been telling you about, and the one he regarded as a dead cock in the pit. That would explain the situation nicely, don't you think?"

The story had left me a bit fogged as to the present state and standing of the thing, and I said so.

"Well, it stacks up about this way," said Brown-beard. "There is a perfectly good mine somewhere west of us that is worth anywhere from a quarter to a half million, and at the present moment it is kicking around without an owner. So far as I can see, I'm the only man on top of earth who has a claim on any part of it. And I have no more idea than the man in the moon where it is 'at.' No; I'm afraid my handsome fortune is a lost dog, so far as I'm concerned."

His mention of a lost dog hit me right in the center of the solar plexus and I laughed like a fool.

"What struck your funny-bone?" he demanded, sort of dubiously. I flinched.

"Nothing," I gurgled; "nothing worth mentioning—only I'm hunting for a lost dog, too."

But I didn't tell him any more. After we'd smoked a while longer, and Brown-beard had apologized for making me listen to his rather longish tale of woe, we took the porter's hint that he'd like to have the smoking room for his nightly shoe-shine, and turned in.

CHAPTER III.

Waifs and Strays.

When I crawled out of my berth at the porter's call the next morning, my Pullman was standing in the Denver yard. While I was shaving in the washroom I asked the colored boy if my smoking-room chum of the night before was up yet.

"Yes, sah; he done been up an' gone, for the longest."

Of course, this was mere idle questioning on my part. Tracing the brown-bearded mining engineer who had used me as a convenient dumping ground for his story was the least of my intention at the moment. For that matter, since we hadn't exchanged cards, and I wasn't even sure that I'd heard his name straight, I couldn't have traced him if I had wanted to.

Recalling the story in the garish light of another day, it seemed a bit less credible than it had while I was listening to it, and I began to wonder if the teller of it might not be a member of the deathless guild of smoke-room romancers. I buried the story among the things to be smiled at and forgotten, when I took a taxi for the hotel. After an excellent breakfast I made a few inquiries about the meridian, the 103th, that the maps showed as passing just west of the city. The maps were right. The 103th meridian, which is the one from which mountain time is reckoned, ran a little west of the city proper, and, by consequence, west of the two other principal cities of the state, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

I found that the 103th meridian, tracing it north from Denver, stops short against the 40th parallel of latitude just south of a little town called Erie. Traced south, it tracks the D. & R. G. railroad for about twenty miles and then takes to the mountains, barely shutting out Manitou, and passing, of course, well to the westward of Pueblo. This simplified matters—a little.

Yet this business of wandering aimlessly from post to pillar, finding the face of nature for idiosyncratic reasons and piecing old horses and far-flung deer was already beginning to strike me as the most imprudent thing a man could do. I was beginning to feel that I was a fool to have taken the time to do so. I was beginning to feel that I was a fool to have taken the time to do so. I was beginning to feel that I was a fool to have taken the time to do so.

meat of the matter: "Your portion of Grandfather Jasper's property was worth, at its latest valuation, something like \$440,000." What single piece of property outside of a large city could be worth any such sum as that? I could think of nothing but a mine of some kind, unless it might be a cattle ranch, or a growth of standing timber; and in the area laid out for me, mines would outvote cattle or timber about a hundred to one, I thought.

Then there was that other phrase: "It lies in a perfectly safe repository."

"Repository" implied a receptacle or container of some sort; a brick wall, or a barbed-wire fence, or any inclosing thing you like to imagine. Could a mine be said to be a "repository"?

As you see, I kept coming back to the mine idea, in spite of all I could do; and at last, without a word of warning, and right out of a clear sky, as you may say, smack! a thing hit me squarely between the shoulder-blades—Brown-beard and his eccentric old gentleman!

After I got cooled off a bit I had to admit that there was something less than one chance in a thousand that, at the price of a couple of cigars given to a yellow-traveler in distress, I had purchased any real clue to my own puzzle.

Yet I couldn't get away from the notion that I was on the verge of a discovery. Oddly enough, the intraculous part of it—the one change in a million that I should run across the one person in a hundred million who could tell me that particular story—didn't impress me at the time. I was too busily engaged in trying to fit the puzzle pieces together to think of anything else at the moment.

Come to sum them up, they fitted astoundingly well. Grandfather Jasper had always been exceedingly close-mouthed when speaking of his investments. Added to that, he would be the last man in the world to have confessed that he had been bitten, even indirectly, by a "gold-brick" game. Then, too, the course he had pursued with the mining engineer (always grinning the truth of Brown-beard's story) was just like him; he would have wanted a year in which to think it over—or maybe longer. Also, it was like him to keep all the identifying marks as carefully hidden as a nut meat in its shell.

At this point I began to think about getting action. One word from Bull-ton, or Bull-ton, or whatever his name was, would settle the identities beyond question, and that word was his "old gentleman's" name. He hadn't mentioned it once in telling his yarn—which might have been by design, or just a happen-so. But, by heavens, I'd make him mention it!

I happened to think of the Mining exchange, and to wonder if somebody connected with it might not have a list of engineers and mining experts. A hike through the streets brought me to the exchange and the secretary not only had such a list, but was willing to show it to me. In its proper place I found the name, "Charles Bullerton." A query shot at the mini beheld the desk elicited the information that Mr. Charles Bullerton was in South America. At this, I could have shouted for joy, because it proved conclusively that Charles Bullerton was my man, and that the tale to which I had listened wasn't altogether made up out of whole cloth, as so many Pullman smoke-room romances are.

Bullerton's usual address, when he was in Colorado and not in Denver, was in care of a certain bank in Cripple Creek; or at least, that was the way it had been before he went to South America.

A telegraph office was the next thing on the program, and when I found one it seemed to be about a hundred-to-one shot that I'd never touch bottom, since I had no hint that Bullerton had been headed for Cripple Creek. My message, prepaid and answer prepaid, contained only a single question: "What was the name of the old gentleman who bought the watered mine and then died?" An answer to that would tell the story.

For two whole days, an interval which I spent in hither-and-thither-clasping of piebald ponies and harlequin-faced dogs about the streets of Denver—and found no blue-eyed girls attached to any of them—I thought I had merely shot up into the air with my telegram, and missed the whole face of the earth. Then, one morn-



Then One Morning the Answer Came.

ing, the answer came in just two words, like this:

"To Stanford Houghton, 'Hotel Savoy,' Denver."

"John Smith."

"CHARLES BULLERTON."

That settled it with a vengeance. You'd say, "And get it done!"

Continued on Page 3

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The Mercury.
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Saturday, November 26, 1921

The revenue bill as passed by Congress at the last moment before adjournment seems to be satisfactory to no one, not even to its framers. It is pronounced a sad piece of patchwork.

The high cost of labor is what is retarding the much needed building boom in all parts of the country. The housing problem in many of our large cities is growing more desperate every day.

Ten years ago Government 4% bonds due in 1925 were selling at 138. Today the 4 1/2% bonds are selling around 98, and this is nearly ten points higher than last year. It looks as though Uncle Sam's I. O. U.'s might again be worth something.

The public debt of this country is, in round figures, \$23,000,000,000. The interest on this vast sum costs every person in the country \$9.51 annually. If we add to that debt the amount owed by States, Cities and Towns, the sum becomes almost appalling.

With some 43,000 acres of land in New England planted with tobacco, it does not look as though the tobacco habit was dying out. Of this acreage, some 31,000 are in Connecticut, about 11,000 in Massachusetts, leaving about 1,000 acres for the rest of New England.

The lawyers and judges in Massachusetts are still scrapping and calling each other hard names. Now Attorney Allen, under indictment for some alleged misdeed, comes forward and demands that the District Attorney, Pelletier, one of the numerous Boston candidates for Mayor, be removed from office as an "unfit person." The professional riddle in Massachusetts grows more slimy every day.

While we are told that the New England apple crop is much smaller than usual this year, the Western crop seems to be enough larger than usual to make up for the Eastern decrease many times over. The Pacific Northwestern States report a crop of 33,307,000 bushels. The shipments east are said to be 200 per cent. more than last year. There would seem to be no good reason for the high figures at which apples are selling in Eastern markets.

"Marshal Foch joins the bricklayers' union" is a flaming headline in a Sunday paper. Wonder how many bricks the Marshal is allowed to lay under Union rules. He has also taken out a card in the Masons and Plasterers' International Union. Besides all this he has been "doctored" by fourteen colleges since he has been in this country. Reports said that he was very much exhausted on Saturday afternoon. No wonder! For a man seventy years old, and small of stature, he is being greatly overworked.

It costs the Government \$250,000 a year to maintain its President, but that is a mere bagatelle to the \$2,500,000 that it costs England to maintain King George. The President's expenses are divided somewhat as follows: Salary \$75,000; travelling expenses \$25,000; office expenses \$80,800. Contingencies take up the balance. President Harding is not an extravagant man and he is planning to cut down this annual outlay a considerable amount. Government officials say that President Harding for simplicity and economy, has set a World record.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION

It is customary for some pessimists, speaking of the business outlook, to say that the United States cannot be prosperous until Europe recovers its normal condition. As it will be some years before Europe recovers pre-war prosperity, that makes the situation look blue to the average mechanic or business man. He feels in the grip of world-wide forces which he can't improve, and which his country as a whole can't modify very much.

Yet this point of view ignores the fact that our exports during recent years have been only about 10 per cent. of our total production. Before the war they were considerably less than that. Even under the depressed conditions prevailing during the first eight months of this year, the United States exported \$3,227,000,000 worth of products. Before the war our exports for a whole year were running only about \$2,220,000,000.

Of course the recent figures look bigger because they are based on higher prices. But after price differences are allowed, the volume of exports today compares favorably with that existing before the war. And as our exports are only a small part of total production, we could lose a considerable fraction of them and not suffer seriously, if conditions were right at home.

It is worth while studying these figures a little, to refute the idea that this country must drag along for

years, without recovering its normal times, owing to bad conditions in Europe. If there are troubles in business here, they are principally due to some internal dislocation, some lack of a proper balance in our own affairs which our people should be bright enough to study out and remedy for themselves.

An increase of foreign trade would of course start things up a good deal in this country. But Europe is buying heavily of us today, so we must look nearer home for the difficulties that most impede the return of full prosperity.

INTERPRETING THE ELECTIONS

The Democrats are boasting loudly about the November elections. The fact that they made gains in both Kentucky and Maryland, normally Democratic states, is about as significant as that the Dutch have taken Holland. Also much was made of Democratic gains in the New Jersey legislature, as the result of the prohibition issue. But as New Jersey has a strong "wet" sentiment, such changes have nothing to do with national politics. And as the New Jersey Senate still stands 16 Republicans to five Democrats, there does not seem much for the latter party to "holler" about. The big Tammany landslide in New York on the five-cent fare issue had nothing to do with party issues.

It was inevitable after the landslide of 1920, that there should be some reaction. Republican leaders are broad men, and they will not ignore such movements, and will ask themselves candidly if they have been at fault in any way. If it can be shown that party policy has been wrong in any respect, they will not stick by it with tenacious obstinacy, like some Democratic statesmen that could be named.

Much is said about the alleged inaction of Congress. But let no one think that Congress is going to the people in 1922 with a record of non-performance.

It may have been slow to act, but it has been in session only about seven months, and it has problems of appalling magnitude to deal with, which must be patiently investigated.

It is shaping a program of helpful legislation that will be put through during the next few months. It can not remove the awful load created by Democratic incompetence, but it can and will shift it somewhat so that it can be carried with less difficulty. Present indications are that the administration will achieve a superb triumph at the armament conference, which, if accomplished, will alone be sufficient to settle the elections of 1922 and 1924.

THE DEMANDS OF THE CHARITIES

Many people, when asked to subscribe to such a public cause as the Red Cross, will make objection that they are "sick and tired of drives." During the war, they say, there was one long procession of solicitations asking money for public causes, and since that war, it has been about the same.

These people should consider how comparatively little people do in a personal way for the benefit of others. Our fathers and mothers who lived in country towns used constantly to go out to watch with sick people, sitting up all night after a tiresome day's labor. There were but few nurses then, and most of the labor of caring for the sick was done by this volunteer help. People lived closer to the suffering and the poor in those days, and when anyone needed assistance everyone knew it, and took hold to help.

The spirit of hospitality was more prevalent in those times. Families would give a home for months and years to unfortunate relatives, freely supplying them with food and clothing. In country towns still people gather to the home of some sick man, and saw and split his woodpile or get in his crops. And they do these things gladly and find pleasure in serving others.

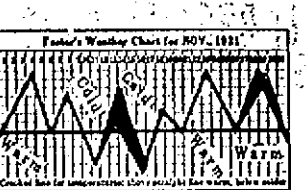
And yet there are folks living in towns and cities who get grouchy because a few times a year some solicitor comes around for some charity, which takes the place of all this intimate and personal service that people used to offer so freely.

People in these times are giving less than the old-timers used to. The trouble with many of us is that we are concentrating our thoughts on our own advancement and pleasure, so that appeals for a kind and generous spirit may not find us ready to do our part, or to enjoy the satisfaction that is to be found in giving.

WHY CHILDREN "PLAY HOOKEY"

Formerly children who played Hookey, as the old-fashioned phrase goes, were apt to be adventurous youngsters who wanted to go fishing or do some stunt outside of their daily lives. But nowadays truancy is mostly the result of neglect. The Cincinnati school authorities have made a careful study of this subject, establishing a special school for children of this type.

Such absences from school, according to their investigations, are very apt to occur where the mothers have to work outside the home. A woman will leave early in the morning to do a day's washing or cleaning, and before she goes she makes the child promise to go to school. But frequently the child will break his promise and play truant, mostly as the result of a spirit of indolence and a dislike of discipline.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Nov. 26, 1921.

The week centering on Dec. 2 will be warmer and the storms more severe than usual, the precipitation greater than the average of November and December, 1921. But don't forget I told you some time ago, November and December would bring less moisture than usual and that winter grain would be damaged by dry weather, and damage has already reached winter grain, the dry weather is here and we have only passed through one of the two dry months. I have many letters complaining that my newspaper bulletins do not give all I know as far ahead as I could. You show me how I can live on it and I will publish in the newspapers—which is the only way to reach my people—my complete crop weather forecasts 3 years in advance. I absolutely know the causes of good and bad crop weather, for large sections, 3 years in advance and I am very close to correcting the few mistakes I have made for small sections.

Top of the warm wave of this storm will be in Alaska Nov. 29, western Canada 30, northwest America Dec. 1, on meridian 90, covering it from middle provinces from Canada to Gulf of Mexico Dec. 2. The storms will be one day later and first part of cold wave two days later. It will be a severe cold wave and the bottom of it will reach meridian 90 near Dec. 6. These storm features will sweep eastward across the continent in about two days after reaching meridian 90. Study the above carefully and you will get its benefit.

I did not make any mistake in my general forecasts of crop weather and crops of North America for any of the past five crop seasons. For small sections I did make some mistakes on rainfall and the little up and down, rather unimportant, temperature movements. But after 10 months of additional experiments with the weather records of the past 100 years, I now have these small errors nearly all corrected. Our North American crop weather and crops for 1922 will be the most important that will have occurred within 100 years. I absolutely know the causes and can approximate the general crop weather and crops of every continent. The greatest opportunity that agriculture of North America ever had lies in the crop weather and crops of next year. It would damage my interests greatly to err about this matter, but I am not a tattle-tale. I declare that, except one thing, three-fourths of North America will make good crops in 1922. Market prices of 1922 will surely be better than they are now.

The fruit crop of 1922 will be unusually important because of the great failure of 1921. For 1922 some late frosts are expected that should be provided against by preparing to make smoke fires between midnight and sunrise. These bulletins will announce the cold waves that are expected to be followed by fruit killing frosts in January for southern sections, February for middle sections, and March for northern. Those interested in fruit should study how to protect it from frost.

Mr. Charles Williams of Providence has been appointed manager of the local theatrical syndicate to succeed the late Joseph Mack.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2850—\$1.00
Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Ragtime—Fox Trot
- A2879—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2883—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox trot
- A2895—\$1.00
Bu-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
- A2898—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

[We ship Records all over] the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar NOVEMBER 1921

STANDARD TIME.									
	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon
20 Nov	4 15	4 14	4 13	4 12	4 11	4 10	4 9	4 8	4 7
21 Nov	4 14	4 13	4 12	4 11	4 10	4 9	4 8	4 7	4 6
22 Nov	4 13	4 12	4 11	4 10	4 9	4 8	4 7	4 6	4 5
23 Nov	4 12	4 11	4 10	4 9	4 8	4 7	4 6	4 5	4 4
24 Nov	4 11	4 10	4 9	4 8	4 7	4 6	4 5	4 4	4 3
25 Nov	4 10	4 9	4 8	4 7	4 6	4 5	4 4	4 3	4 2
26 Nov	4 9	4 8	4 7	4 6	4 5	4 4	4 3	4 2	4 1
27 Nov	4 8	4 7	4 6	4 5	4 4	4 3	4 2	4 1	4 0
28 Nov	4 7	4 6	4 5	4 4	4 3	4 2	4 1	4 0	3 59
29 Nov	4 6	4 5	4 4	4 3	4 2	4 1	4 0	3 59	3 58
30 Nov	4 5	4 4	4 3	4 2	4 1	4 0	3 59	3 58	3 57
1 Dec	4 4	4 3	4 2	4 1	4 0	3 59	3 58	3 57	3 56

First moon, Nov. 7, 10.55 morning.
Full moon, Nov. 15, 8.40 morning.
Last moon, Nov. 22, 6.42 morning.
New moon, Nov. 29, 8.27 morning.

Deaths.

- In the city, 19th inst., Margaret S. wife of John S. 26th inst., Francis Smith.
- In the city, 20th inst., Thomas Corrigan.
- In the city, 21st inst., William A. R.
- In the city, 22nd inst., George W. West.
- In the city, 23rd inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 24th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 25th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 26th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 27th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 28th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 29th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 30th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 31st inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 1st inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 2nd inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 3rd inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 4th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 5th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 6th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 7th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 8th inst., John E. West.
- In the city, 9th inst., John E. West.
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DOCTOR HERMES

Probable German Ambassador to the United States.



It is definitely stated in German majority Socialist circles that Dr. Hermes, German food minister, will be appointed ambassador to the United States.

TWELFTH AMERICAN GOOD ROADS CONGRESS

Foremost Authorities of the World on Highway Construction Will Meet in Chicago.

Chicago.—Twenty thousand delegates, representing 48 states of the Union, 10 Canadian provinces and 5,000 American and Canadian cities, 3,000 counties, 847 good roads associations, engineering societies and automobile clubs and 834 commercial organizations and coming not only from the United States and Canada, but South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, the Virgin Islands and other territories, will gather in this city January 17, 18, 19 and 20 for the twelfth American good roads congress and thirteenth national good roads exposition, to be held at the Coliseum under the auspices of the American Road Builders' Association.

The program, in which the foremost authorities of the world on highway construction will participate, will cover not only all phases of the construction of concrete, asphalt, brick, macadam and gravel roads, but road contracts, taxation, bond issues, highway administration and maintenance, highway transportation, traffic regulation and safety on the highways. The entire Coliseum and Annex have already been reserved by exhibitors at the exposition, making it necessary to lease adjoining buildings in order to house the overflow. The delegates will be entertained with races and tugs of war between giant road rollers and tractors, banquets, balls, theater parties, hand concerts, tours of the city and other events.

For the first time women road builders will participate, the delegates including Dr. Jennie C. Murphy, woman street commissioner of Yankton, S. D., and Miss Eva Cressy, a woman road contractor of Everett, Mass.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—Almost without exception the London weekly reviews, which often reflect authoritative opinion, eulogize the Washington conference.

CHICAGO.—Employees of Armour & Co., 20,000 in all, through their Plant Governing Committee, agreed with officials of the packing house that a wage reduction is necessary and fixed its amount.

TOKIO.—Newspapers in Tokio express the opinion that Japan is not inclined to oppose abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance if continuation of friendly relationship is assured.

LONDON.—When the Far Eastern question comes before the Washington conference Japan intends to press for joint action on the part of America, Great Britain and Japan to restore order and re-establish unity in China.

MADRID.—A dispatch reports disposal of the brigade of Spanish troops under General Cabanellas.

NEW YORK.—An \$18,000 fund to be used in an effort to save from the electric chair Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Van Zetti, Italians under arrest in Massachusetts pending appeal of their conviction on murder charges, has been raised among radicals here.

DENVER.—The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has announced a general reduction in wages of about 30 per cent in 13 of the 25 of the company's mines in Colorado. The order affects 3,500 men.

PHILADELPHIA.—Formal notice was served on employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of a new wage reduction.

DELHI, India.—Nearly 700 Mohlah rebels were killed in an attack on the Mandlikad post, which was repulsed by the Gurkha garrison. The Mohlahs numbered 2,000. One British soldier and three men were killed.

Re-opening of the case brought by New England railroads to obtain a larger proportion of revenue from the taxes levied by them jointly with other railroads of the country was announced by the Interstate Commerce Commission on Nov. 23 for the purpose of a rehearing.

HOUSE REJECTS HARDING'S PLEA

Vote 201 to 173 Keeps 50% Levy as Set by Senate, 94 Republicans Joining Democrats.

PRESIDENT IS CRITICISED

Reading of His Letter to Chairman Fordney Evokes Protest from Members of Both Parties—Harding Fails to Turn Surtax Tide.

Washington.—Disregarding the expressed wish of President Harding the House voted 201 to 173, to accept the Senate amendment to the Tax Revision bill fixing the maximum income surtax rate at 50 per cent on incomes of \$200,000 or more.

Ninety-four Republicans, most of them from the Middle and Far West, joined with the practically solid Democratic minority in supporting the amendment.

Announcement of the result brought applause from both sides of the chamber, with some of the Democrats breaking into cheers.

Before the vote was taken the House listened to the reading of a letter from President Harding to Chairman Fordney, of the Ways and Means Committee, suggesting that the House and Senate compromise. The Executive said he still believed the original House rate of 32 per cent was "nearer to a just levy and the more promising one in returns to the public treasury," but that in view of the legislative situation he thought it "wholly desirable" that there be a compromise at 40 per cent.

Immediately after it became known that the President had written Mr. Fordney, spokesmen for the "insurgent" Republicans said the letter would not affect the result. They had claimed a total of ninety-three Republican votes, or one less than was cast for the amendment.

Among the majority members supporting the amendment were Chairman Campbell, of the Rules Committee; Representative Green, of Iowa, ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee; and Chairman Hugen, of the Agriculture Committee.

This vote settled the biggest issue between the House and Senate on the Tax Revision bill.

The intervention of the President in the tax revision fight—the second since the Ways and Means Committee began drafting the measure three and a half months ago—followed a visit to the White House of Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, the Republican leader in the House. The President then summoned Chairman Fordney and Representative Longworth, of Ohio, of the Ways and Means Committee, and expressed his views on the surtax. These were supplemented by a letter to Mr. Fordney.

During the three hours' debate in the House, which was conducted under a special rule, the President was attacked for writing Mr. Fordney. The roll call of the House gave the following ninety-four Republicans voting in favor of the Senate amendment to the tax bill settling the maximum levy at 50 per cent on income surtaxes:

Anderson, Andrews, Nebraska; Anthony, Harbour, Beck, Begg, Becham, Bird, Boles, Brennan, Brooks, Illinois; Browne, Wisconsin; Burtless, Campbell, Kansas; Chalmers, Christopher, Claque, Classon, Cole, Ohio; Cotton, Cooper, Wisconsin; Cranston, Curry, Davis, Minnesota; Denison, Dickinson, Duwell, Evans, Faust, Foster, Frear, Fuller, Funk, Gensman, Graham, Illinois; Green, Iowa; Hanger, Hoch, Hull, James, Johnson, South Dakota; Kearns, Keller, Kelly, Pennsylvania; Ketcham, King, Kin-kaid, Kieckhafer, Kopp, Lampert, Lawrence, Lindeberger, Little, McCormick, McLaughlin, Nebraska; Maloney, Moore, Ohio; Morgan, Murphy, A. P. Nelson, U. M. Nelson, Ogden, Patterson, Missouri; Ramseyer, Reavis, Rhodes, Ricketts, Robison, Schull, Scott, Tennessee; Shaw, Sinclair, Sinnott, Sparks, Stanford, Steenerson, Strong, Kansas; Summers, Washington; Street, Swing, Thompson, Tinsler, Tower, Volgh, Volstead, Walters, Wheeler, White, Kansas; Williams, Williamson, Wood, Indiana; Yates, Young, Zihlman.—94.

RADIO RANGE 10,000 MILES

Harding's Message, Sent From Long Island, Carries to New Zealand.

New York.—A new world's record for long distance radio communication was made, according to the Radio Corporation of America, which announced that President Harding's message addressed to the nations of the world, was picked up in New Zealand, 10,000 miles away.

The message was sent from the new radio central at Rocky Point, on Long Island.

HOWAT EXPELLED BY UNION

Four Thousand Kansas Miners Also to Be Ousted.

Pittsburgh, Kan.—A. M. Howat, mine union official, was expelled from the United Mine Workers of America. With him went 4,000 miners and those officials of his administration who recently were deposed on order of John L. Lewis, president of the International union, and who have kept the suspended administration alive several weeks in defiance of the International union.

Discharged by the slamming of a door against its butt, a 12-gauge shotgun in the hands of Peter Mast of Stoneham, Mass., tore the clothes from the entire right side of James McLaughlin and blew off two fingers of the left hand, but left him otherwise unharmed.

THOMAS PROCTOR

The Man in Whose Bed Abraham Lincoln Died.



Thomas Proctor, in whose bed Abraham Lincoln is said to have died, is a pauper in the City Home on Blackwell's Island. He was formerly a lawyer of high standing in New York. A breakdown in health caused his fortune to decline.

FREIGHT RATES ON FARM PRODUCTS CUT

New Transportation Scale Offered for Six Months, to Continue if Men Accept Less Pay.

New York.—Realizing the precarious condition of the farmers and with the hope of reducing the cost of living, the executives of the railroads of the United States authorized a reduction of 10 per cent in freight rates on all farm products except cottonseed oil and cottonseed meal, irrespective of wage reductions.

The reduction becomes effective immediately on its approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has signified its intention to ratify the new rate. The reduced rate will apply for six months, but the railway executives hope that before its expiration the wages of employees will be lowered to a point that will warrant its continuance. Although the reduction means a loss of approximately \$55,000,000 annually in railroad revenues, the action of the Association of Railway Executives was unanimous.

The efforts of the railroad executives to obtain a reduction in wages to the basis prevailing before March 1, 1920, when the roads were returned to the government, will be continued. Each road will deal individually with its employees. The thirty-day notice to the employees, as required by law, that a reduction in wages is contemplated has been ordered distributed by all lines.

The National Association of Railway Executives, representing 201 roads, met in the board room at the Grand Central Terminal. More than 95 per cent of the membership was present in person or represented.

Traffic moving wholly within New England is excepted from the reduction. This was conceded, it was said, because of the bad condition under which those railroads are operating.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Great displeasure has arisen in high official quarters in Washington over the activities of certain officers of the navy who have been trying to decry the efforts of their Government to effect a real and substantial limitation of heavy naval armaments.

President Harding is not worrying over suggestions that even if the conference succeeds in reaching an agreement the Senate may throw it overboard as it did the Versailles Treaty, and bring an abortive ending to the effort of the Administration.

Medicinal beer is to be put on sale at retail drug stores immediately. Commissioner of Internal Revenue Blair sent orders to all state prohibition directors to immediately revise drug-glass permits so as to authorize them to handle beer for medicinal purposes.

If accepted, America's naval holiday program will cause a virtual shutdown of United States navy yards, which now employ 60,000 mechanics and involve expenditures aggregating \$55,000,000 a year.

The French delegation predicts arms solution by mid-December. Leaders in Congress, Democrats as well as Republicans, were reported to be giving consideration to plans for avoiding introduction of measures in Congress and floor discussion which might hamper the Arms Conference.

At a formal meeting of the Committee on Pacific and Far Eastern questions Minister Szécs virtually invited the great powers to get out of China. W. T. James of Tennessee submitted a bid to Secretary Weeks offering to buy the Muscle Shoals plant, Alabama, provided the government will accept the Wilson dam.

Fire starting in the kitchen of the Clara Shell restaurant, Haverhill, Mass., destroyed the building, a one-story wooden structure. The sum of \$20,000 was destroyed in the overcoat pocket of Walter E. McCutcheon, owner of the restaurant, who was forced to jump from the second floor to escape the flames.

ANTI-BEER BILL PASSES SENATE

If President Signs, All Brew, Even for Medicine, Will Be Stopped Immediately.

TEST TO SUPREME COURT

Prevents Importation of All Liquors Till Present Supply Is Smaller—Survives Hard Fight—Seizure Without Warrant Created a Storm.

Washington.—The Volstead supplemental enforcement measure eliminating the use of beer for medicinal purposes was approved by the Senate. The vote was 53 to 22. The result had for weeks been accepted as a foregone conclusion. The opposition strength did not exceed previous estimates.

The twenty-two Senators who voted to reject the conference report on the Beer and Wine Bill were Brandegee, Broussard, du Pont, Edge, Gerry, Johnson, King, La Follette, Lodge, McLean, Penrose, Phipps, Pomerene, Ransdell, Shields, Shortridge, Stanley, Underwood, Wadsworth, Walsh of Massachusetts, Watson of Georgia and Weller.

The indorsement of the Senate completes action on the Beer and Wine Bill. It now goes to the President. The manufacture and sale of beer under existing regulations must cease immediately upon his signature.

The act is regarded by many legal authorities as unconstitutional. Test cases will be prepared at the earliest opportunity and the new law will be brought before the United States Supreme Court for an opinion.

Following the passage of the report, Wayne D. Wheeler, general counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, gave out a statement in which he declared:

"The passage of the Anti-Beer Bill is a victory for law, for enforcement, and it blasts all hopes for the return of both beverage and medicinal beer."

These are the high points of the act as outlined by Mr. Wheeler:

"It prohibits prescribing beer or malt liquors for medicinal purposes."

"Not more than one-fourth gallon of vinous liquor, or vinous and spirituous liquor separately or in the aggregate containing more than half a pint of alcohol may be prescribed in ten days."

"Physicians are limited to 100 prescriptions in ninety days, unless extraordinary reasons are presented."

"Preparations of spirituous or vinous liquor is prohibited until the amount on hand shall not be sufficient to supply the current need for non-beverage use."

"The tax on liquor stolen or destroyed shall not be collected from the owner or the loser if theft did not occur as the result of negligence or collusion or fraud on the part of the owner or person legally accountable for same."

"Private residences may not be searched without a search warrant. Officers who, without probable cause and maliciously, search any place without a search warrant are penalized. Persons who impersonate officers enforcing the Prohibition Act are heavily penalized."

Senators Stanley, Broussard and those who led the fight against the measure insist that its provisions can be construed to permit search and seizure without a warrant and that the Bill of Rights in the Constitution has been impaired, if not destroyed. Senators Wadsworth and Brandegee made the concluding addresses in opposition of the bill, holding its provisions unconstitutional. Sterling and McKellar spoke for the measure.

If President Harding approves the act the Treasury will amend its present regulations to conform with it and the sale of beer as a medicine will be stopped forthwith. Officials of the department, however, anticipate that the question will be fought out in the courts on the constitutionality of the law before its final disposition.

At the White House officials declined to intimate what President Harding will do with the measure.

The St. John river is sealed with a solid ice bridge that reports received in Bangor, show, extends without interruption from Fredericton, N. B., to Cagetown, 36 miles, south, and the general belief now is that the 1921 season of navigation is definitely closed as from Nov. 15.



Make Shaving a Pleasure With Cuticura Talcum

After shaving with Cuticura Soap the Cuticura Talcum is an indispensable adjunct. Antiseptic and preservative, it is soothing and refreshing to the shaved face.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1819

DEPOSITS

	October 14, 1920	October 14, 1921	Increase
	\$11,413,606.69	\$12,170,081.74	\$756,475.06

At 4 1/2% per annum

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

YOUR BANK BOOK A CONSTANT REMINDER

Your bank book is a constant reminder of thrift and regular deposits, an incentive for accumulating more money. Come in now, and deposit a few dollars to your credit, and get your bank book.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON K. SCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 1/2 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY, MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Coods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETSAll Orders Promptly Filled
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

NEWS HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Items Cleared From All Parts of New England

Mrs. Sarah E. Ferris, 105 years and 7 months old, the oldest woman in Berkshire county is dead in Pittsfield, Mass.

The Atlantic Shoe Company of Lynn, Mass., is moving to Woburn. This is the sixth shoe manufacturing company to move out of Lynn since the labor troubles started there.

Value of the properties of the Boston Terminal Company, owned jointly by railroads entering that city, was tentatively fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission at \$19,910,500.

Harry Kozian, 55, of Lynn, Mass., who after a year of unemployment obtained work at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, dropped dead from heart failure while busy at his new duties.

Notwithstanding the "Closed" sign on his 31 Howard street "Jobless" hotel, Urbain Ledoux fed 100 of Boston's unemployed and declared that the one-meal-per-day system would be continued as long as funds were forthcoming to make this plan possible.

The Winchester, Mass., Board of Trade has organized a building association. A committee to secure land suitable for house lots has been chosen. If sufficient funds can be raised, 20 or more houses will be built next Spring for rent or sale on easy terms.

David I. Robinson, one of the most prominent temperance workers in the country and active in business and politics for many years is dead in Gloucester, Mass. He was 77 years old. Since the days of his youth Robinson waged a bitter fight against liquor. At one time he held the office of supreme temple of the Sons of Temperance. While Robinson was in Gloucester, in 1920, he was elected to the office of mayor.

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TELEPHONES ON LIFEBOATS

Wireless Apparatus to Be Used in Coast Guard Service. Atlantic City.—Boats in the Coast Guard Service will be equipped with wireless telephones as a result of experiments conducted here by members of the Coast Guards Life Saving Board. It was announced. A small boat was fitted with the equipment and experiments were successfully made while she was lying five miles out at sea. Communication with the land receiver was perfect.

DENBY WOULD TAKE GIFT

Asks Authority to Accept Aviation Ground at Rockaway.

Washington.—Authority to accept from the city of New York, without expense to the federal government, the site of the naval aviation station at Rockaway Beach, Long Island, was requested of Congress by Secretary Denby. The tract comprises ninety-four acres and on it are hangars, shops, storehouses and barracks, which would be of little value if the station were abandoned.

The rifled mail pouch, containing checks totalling \$20,000, which was stolen while en route to Boston from Dedham, Mass., was found on the side of the railroad tracks near the Back Bay station, Boston. The checks, worth \$20,000, from a Dedham bank, were in the bag. Other checks, addressed to individuals, were not disturbed.

In the regular sitting of the probate court, Plymouth, Mass., Judge Loyd E. Chamberlain of Brockton allowed the will of Elizabeth H. Russell of Plymouth. To the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth is bequeathed an urn and couch, once the property of Gov. Edward Winslow and his wife, Susanna White Winslow of Plymouth Colony, with the candlesticks which accompanied the urn and a picture of Faith-haven given to William S. Russell, father of the testatrix, by the artist, W. N. Bartlett.

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CONDENSED CLASSICS

ANNA KARENINA

By LEO N. TOLSTOI

Condensation by
Mrs. Mary F. Russ, Jamaica
Plain, Mass.

Count Leo Tolstoy was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, the family estate which has become famous throughout the world as the residence of the great novelist, reformer and dreamer. He died in 1910 at a little railroad station where he had been on a journey, the object of which was to let him and his days in solitude. But a whole world was looking on.

At first he studied oriental languages, then law, and finally became a soldier, taking part in the Crimean campaign. His long series of writings began with "Childhood," "Boyhood," "The Novels of a Landed Proprietor," and articles on his experiences as a soldier. His penname was already a dominant note, as well as his power to see through sham and conventions. He soon retired from the army and began his life of service to the peasants about him at his own estate, "War and Peace" appeared in 1869-70, and the great novel "Anna Karenina," 1876-78. Already he was dealing with the mighty problems of life and humanity, trying to solve them in whatever way seemed to him right, no matter what answer the world had given to them. "My Religion," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection," are perhaps the best known books, which have been translated into many languages, including two editions published in America, of some two dozen volumes each, one by Nathan Haskell Dole and others, one by Prof. Leo Wiener. A complete set of books has been written about him in many languages.

Tolstoy is one of the unique figures of the history of the world. Deep, prophetic, fearless seer after truth, he drew to himself the respectful attention of all thinking people, no matter how divergent their thoughts from his. His belief that Christianity is a faith to be actually lived by and his championship of the doctrine of non-resistance are the outstanding points of a thought which covered all humanity.

"AND... Anna had friendly relations with the society which with one hand lays fast hold on the court lest it fall absolutely into the demagogues which its members affect to despise, but whose tastes are precisely similar."

Anna Karenina's intimates were of this circle in St. Petersburg society. Practically forced into a loveless marriage with Alexei Karenin, twenty years her senior, Anna had been a faithful wife for eight years. Karenin held a high official position and everything in his life was subordinated to his career. He was a tireless worker and such social hours as he enjoyed were spent in circles best suited to his advancement, but his charming and adaptable wife made friends in all quarters. While a man of admirable character, Karenin had an utterly unlovable personality. He was very calm, cool, absolutely just, but love—warm, human love—was a stranger in his household. All the affection of Anna Karenina's heart was lavished on her seven-year-old son, Seriozha, who adored his mother.

Into this setting, so cunningly fashioned for it, stepped Vronsky, the most attractive person of Alexei Vronsky.

In the city of Moscow lived Anna's brother, Stepan Oblonsky. Stepan, lovable and popular, had a wife, children, a salaried official position and some money, but, being always in debt, this fact and his little "affaires d'over" kept him just sufficiently worried to enable him to really enjoy life.

While on a visit to Moscow Anna Karenina met Vronsky.

Count Vronsky was rich, handsome, loved his regiment and his horses, and was voted a "capital good fellow." He had appeared in Moscow that winter and had been attracted slightly to Stepan's sister-in-law, Kitty. Kitty was a pretty and popular debutante, daughter of Prince Scherbatsky of the old nobility. Among many admirers, she was sure of two serious suitors. One was Vronsky, the other Levin.

Konstantin Levin was also of the old Muscovite nobility and had known Kitty all her life. As his mother had died in his childhood, the family life of the Scherbatskys had appealed to him strongly. He was now thirty-two and, although feeling unworthy of Kitty, was determined to offer himself to her. He was really a splendid match. He had a magnificent country estate of eighty-one hundred acres, plenty of money and his share of masculine attractions. He was a thinker, always immersed in the deepest problems concerning the world, everything in it, on it and beyond it. He had been brought up in the orthodox faith, but since attaining manhood, had been assailed with all kinds of doubts, until now he was practically an unbeliever. "He could not believe; he was also equally unable to disbelieve." After completing his university course he spent most of his time on his great estate, wrestling with his problems of agriculture and peasant labor. He came into Moscow on occasions and dipped into its social life, but his own life was so

simple and so true that he had little patience with the dissensions of his town friends. Kitty's parents had many quarrels over her prospects. Her mother favored the brilliant Vronsky; her father said "Levin was worth a thousand men." Kitty, herself, had set her heart on Vronsky, although fond of

Levin. In due time she experienced the pining pain of refusing Levin, but, to her chagrin and deep humiliation, the proposal from Vronsky did not materialize. She latter did not dream that his attentions to her were regarded seriously. Poor Kitty met with her crushing disappointment at a large ball when, instead of choosing her as his unasked partner, Vronsky led out—Madame Karenina!

In spite of their endeavors to hide the single glow which enveloped them, it was obvious to Kitty, as to others, that Anna and Vronsky had both been touched by the same flaming torch.

Anna Karenina had met her man. She knew it. She was afraid. Her customary serenity deserted her so completely that she left for St. Petersburg the next day, cutting short her visit. The calm routine of her daily life took on a new and attractive aspect; she longed to see her son—even her husband. But—Vronsky took the same train to St. Petersburg.

They met constantly in society. Anna called all the forces of reason, prudence, pride, to her aid, but she could not conceal the rapture she felt in Vronsky's presence. Her intimates became extremely interested. This was, indeed, an affair after their own hearts. According to their code, anything was proper so long as outward conventions were observed. Karenina coolly pointed out the danger of her course. He assured her he looked upon jealousy as a humiliating and wounding sentiment. (Anna would have respected some prudent conversation.) His spiritless attitude enraged her and by the end of a year she and Vronsky had become all in all to each other. They had but one object in life—to be together.

Karenin waited for the blow to fall. It was finally accomplished by Anna's public exhibition of emotion when Vronsky met with a racing accident. Upon being upbraided by her husband, she confessed her love for Vronsky. Mingled with the pain, Karenina felt a sense of relief. He immediately began to plan on getting out of the mud without being splashed. He considered dueling, divorce, separation. Being afraid of a pistol, he concluded that his services to the government were too valuable for him to risk his life. The scandal of a divorce might react against himself and a separation would throw Anna into Vronsky's arms. The latter was the last thing he wanted. It would not punish Anna. His decision was to allow her to remain in his home—perhaps resume their old relations. He knew this would make her most unhappy. His justification for this attitude was its religious significance.

In the meantime, Levin was trying to forget Kitty by devoting himself to work. He became much interested in uplifting his peasants, who did not appreciate his efforts. He reached the conclusion that they had found the way to happiness. One glimpse of Kitty showed him his error and stirred up his old feeling for her. Kitty's health had so failed after her disappointment in Vronsky that she had been sent abroad to take a cure. Now, having been restored to health and having a new outlook on life, she realized that it was Levin whom she really loved and when he again asked for her hand she gladly consented.

According to Karenin's decision, Anna still had her place as mistress of his household. Karenin was aware that she and Vronsky still maintained their relations, but could do nothing about it. In time Anna gave birth to a daughter and was thought to be dying. Karenin's conduct was magnificent, even toward Vronsky's baby. Vronsky attempted suicide through sheer humiliation. But Anna recovered, which Karenin had not counted on, and with her returning health came the conviction that Vronsky was the light of life to her. She became so unhappy that, in a moment of weakness, Karenin was prevailed upon to consent to divorce, even to take the blame and give her the boy. This generosity she could not accept and, with Vronsky and her baby, left her husband's home and her son, on that inevitable fatal journey of love without the law.

They went abroad and at first were radiantly happy. Then Vronsky tired of the aimless life. They returned to Russia and settled in the country. Anna's position became so unbearable to Vronsky, who adored her, that he finally urged her to appeal to Karenin for a divorce. When Karenin refused, owing to various circumstances, matters grew worse than ever. Anna could not go into society, so became introspective. Without cause, she grew very jealous of Vronsky. She took to morphine as a sleeping potion. Suicide—under the rushing wheels of a railroad train—was Anna Karenina's way out.

Vronsky's grief was overwhelming. After many weeks of illness, he organized a squadron of cavalry and entered the Serbian war.

Konstantin Levin found his happiness with his wife and small son, and found that his old faith had lived in his heart, although hidden, when an old peasant explained why a certain man was good in the words "he lives for his soul, he remembers God."

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Tells of Cyclone's Movements.

The "tricycloneometer" is an instrument for determining the location and movements of a tropical cyclone from observations at a single place, as on shipboard.

You Lose Either Way.

Don't argue with a woman. If you convince her that she is wrong she will think you are contemptible for being right.

All Egotists.

Jud Tankins says nobody does anything so well that somebody doesn't think he could do it better if he was to take the trouble to try.

Genius at Tea Making

By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS.

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No debutante was ever more excited over her coming-out tea than Mrs. Penley Bradley was the afternoon shortly after her marriage to Penley Bradley, when she undertook to introduce Mr. Bradley's twenty-year-old daughter to a little group of her own particular friends whom she thought it would be desirable for her to know. To understand the confusion one must understand the Penley Bradley ménage. It was located in an apartment hotel—the apartment was the name that Mrs. Bradley had once occupied before her second marriage. It had been changed only by the addition of a hundred of the books that Penley Bradley could not be parted from, a pipe or so, a new chiffonier containing his raiment and, on occasions, Penley Bradley himself. He had hoped that when he married the brilliant and efficient Mrs. Duane he would persuade her to give up her work at Burton's and the \$15,000 a year that went with it.

Bradley had dreamed of a house in the suburbs, gardens and lawns, and room enough for a thousand books instead of the hundred that seemed to crowd each other in the living room at the apartment hotel where they lived instead.

And now the new Mrs. Penley Bradley was giving a little tea to introduce her new daughter to some "worth while people." She was frank about it and Alice, the daughter, came back quite as frankly. They did not in the least dislike each other.

"And now, Alice," Mrs. Bradley called from her room where she was hurriedly dressing after speeding home from Burton's, while Alice was arranging flowers in the reception room beyond, "now, Alice, I expect you to fall in love with and captivate one of the three men I have picked out as eligible for you. They will be here this afternoon. Roger Steele could give you all the money you could dream of, and he is quite a nice sort of stay-at-home, fire-declaring creature besides. Tom Greene hasn't a cent in the bank—never has, but he makes a lot and he's brilliant. You've read his plays. And there is Harry Bainbridge—awfully English, over here studying silk worms or tobacco or sailboats or something. I don't remember, but I've heard all about him. He's quite a catch if you can impress him, and—" Mrs. Penley Bradley looked at her watch and interrupted Alice, who had framed a protest. "What do you suppose has happened to that maid? I told them to send her up by half-past three. The lemons aren't cut, and I don't believe there is any sugar. They were going to send the things up from downstairs, but dear knows what's happened."

"I wish you had let me get things ready this morning, mamma," scolded Alice. "I knew it would be too much for you."

"I couldn't let you be worried," Mrs. Bradley was trying to get a telephone connection with the pantry in the hotel dining room below stairs. "It really is an awful job getting up a tea," and then, to the steward down below: "I wish you would send up some other sandwiches. I ordered watercress and they sent lettuce, and there isn't any butter on them and—will you hurry that maid along? Our guests will be coming soon. There will be about twenty."

"When her stepmother was through telephoning Alice summoned courage to say:

"You didn't send cards to Morton Gray, did you—mother?"

"Of course not," came back frankly. "Morton isn't in a class with the people I'm asking today. He's nice enough in a way—Alice you don't mean to tell me you care about him?"

The frankness of this query rather took Alice's breath away. She was not as frank in her rejoinder. "I only thought he was an old friend. It was through him that you and papa met. We ought at least to feel grateful."

"Oh, if that's all—I won't argue with you. But you see he's just general business manager at Burton's. In a business way he may be a genius, but the people I'm asking this afternoon are different. They are the people I want you to know."

"Would you be ashamed to introduce him to these people—Roger Steele, Tom Greene and the Bainbridge individual, I mean?"

"Don't follow me up so," came nastily from Mrs. Bradley. "Don't you see that I'm all upset over the refreshments? They haven't sent the mail and there isn't a speck of butter on those sandwiches. No, you can't go and get things; the guests will be here any time and you must be ready with me to receive them."

A half an hour later the guests had arrived. Some had even spoken of leaving. But still no refreshments had appeared. There was tea service in one end of the room but no boiling water had been sent up with which to make it. And no maid had come. Mrs. Bradley did not send her complaint to the pantry again, for the telephone was located in the general reception room.

The hall door rang and Alice ran down the short hall, expecting, as Mrs. Bradley thought, to admit the delayed maid and the needfuls for the tea service.

But it was not the maid. A tall broad-shouldered figure bent down to kiss Alice very reverently, but she pushed him off. "Time for that later," she said. "Something has gone wrong in the pantry. The refreshments haven't come. There's not enough butter on the sandwiches. Mother is so slow. She says you're a genius, so go to it and prove you can get the needfuls for tea inside of ten minutes."

utes.

The door closed silently. Alice appeared calm and unruffled in the reception room and refused to answer any of the stammering inquiries from her distraught stepmother. She simply urged the guests who had suggested leaving to wait a few minutes for tea. It had been a little delayed, she said. Then the bell rang ever so lightly and Alice sped down the hall again. Immediately she returned with an enormous tray—a long-legged reed tray that had not come from the hotel kitchen. It contained a spirit lamp with hot water ready to be re-lit, a silver dish of chopped ice and shaved butter, luscious light biscuits, dishes of jam, and neatly piled sandwiches of a dozen different mixtures.

Five minutes later, when tea drinking was in full swing and there were expressions of praise from the guests at the delicious refreshments, Morton Gray strode quietly into the room.

Mrs. Penley Bradley first eyed him with disapproval. She had not expected him, but as her longtime business associate she could not fail to greet him cordially. He took his chair, his tall, broad form balancing rather grotesquely on a small gilt chair of the apartment hotel variety. In the group of guests over which Mrs. Bradley presided. Presently Alice stood beside her stepmother.

"I am going to tell you something, before all of your guests," Alice began, at first timidly and then with more courage. "Morton Gray and I are engaged. We thought it would be a nice little surprise to announce it now at your party. You and Morton are such old friends, I know you will be delighted."

And Mrs. Bradley really was. She forgot all about Roger, Tom and Harry, looking rather insignificant and inefficient in the proximity of the presence of Morton. Then she rose from her chair and before Morton could rise from his chair she planted a kiss on his cheek by way of congratulation.

Then Penley Bradley himself appeared and the guests delayed departure until longer, for Mr. Bradley had brought still more delicacies that sufficed for an informal supper.

It was after Morton had departed and Alice had gone to bed that Mrs. Bradley thought to inquire as to the unceremonious appearance of Morton and the tea equipment. "It was a simple matter," said Mr. Bradley, laughing. "The thing was all cooked up. We knew what sort of service you'd get at this hotel. I got in touch with Morton and we ordered the things from the club chef this morning. Morton went over in a taxi to get them, and I telephoned the steward here to stop operations on the tea order here. I wanted your little tea party to be a success."

Mrs. Bradley's eyes filled with tears. "Penley," she said huskily, "now that it is all settled for Alice, I—I think I'll give up this sort of life and the job at Burton's. I'd like to settle down in the suburbs somewhere—with plenty of room for your books and pipes and things. You see, I thought that Alice would have a better chance in the city. I knew she loved Morton, but I never thought he cared for her. That's why I got Roger and Tom and that Bainbridge individual here this afternoon."

GLORY OF THE COAST RANGE

No Wonder the "Save the Redwoods League" Is Active and Persistent.

But the redwood (sequoia sempervirens) is the chief glory of the coast range. Beginning in the meridian of Santa Cruz, where we find a colossal colonnade of these redwoods, they reach on into Oregon. In a magnificent forest belt ten miles wide and four hundred miles long. No other region on the continent shows so continuous a march of these giant trees.

It is an hour of joy to quit the belt of pines and oaks—none of them very old—and to come suddenly into the presence of these mighty redwoods that belong to the centuries. Many of them wear lightly their thousand years of battle with the storms.

Sometimes you will come upon a giant redwood with a group of young redwoods standing in friendly circle round him. Often have I lain down to sleep within such a magic chamber of fragrant trunks and boughs—"California the Wonderful," Edwin Markham.

Turtle Had Not Wandered Far. Forty-four years ago J. T. McCannahan of Lexington, Ky., curved his name on the shell of a small land turtle that he had caught. He then liberated the turtle. A few days ago Peter Sheppard, who now owns the adjoining farm, caught a turtle, and upon examining it closely learned that it was the same turtle on which McCannahan and carved his initials 44 years ago.

Kansas City's Boulevards. Kansas City, Mo., has 80 miles of finished boulevard and drives. Boston is the only city in the United States which has greater boulevard mileage than Kansas City. Chicago has nearly seventy-five miles of boulevards.

Timely Apologies.

Few things do more to lubricate the wheels of existence than the timely and kindly apology, and few things are more tiresome and irritating than the apology that is an intrusion and unnecessary. Well-bred persons are always ready with a more or less perfunctory "I beg your pardon" and they feel not the slightest humiliation in making this sort of apology. It is a remark that may be applied freely to perfect strangers as well as to close friends.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

DEATHS MARY'S FAMOUS LAMB

Woolly Lawn-Mower Proved of Practical Value to Cincinnati Man During Hot Spell.

Louis Goecke, better known as "Pat" in amateur circles, was mowing the grass on the lawn of his home in Cincinnati recently. In the course of the work he was cutting alongside a hedge with a pair of clippers.

"Ba-a-a!" came from the other side of the hedge.

Goecke looked up. A neighbor was sitting on the porch reading. Goecke resumed his clipping.

"Ba-a-a!" sounded again.

Goecke straightened up and shot fierce glances at his neighbor. But the latter's face was concealed back of the newspaper.

The clipping proceeded, and then again came "Ba-a-a!"

Usually Goecke threw down his clippers, stepped to the neighbor's porch, and said:

"Are you geying me?"

The other looked up with surprise. "Geying you? Why, no! What makes you think so?"

"Well, stop that 'ba-a-a'!" Goecke said.

"Oh, that's it. I'll show you what that is," and the neighbor went back among the bushes and pulled out a lamb. "I bought it yesterday," he explained.

Immediately Goecke was seized with an idea. "Lend it to me, will you?" he asked. The neighbor was obliging. The lamb finished the grass cutting job, and Goecke enjoyed the cool and quiet of a shady nook on his porch.

GREATEST IN PLAINS STATES

Matter of Farm Risks Established by Records Kept by the Department of Agriculture.

Risks in the production of three great staple crops—corn, wheat and oats—are greatest in the plains states, extending from Texas to North Dakota. This general fact is established by the average deviation of the yield per acre from the average yield, computed by the bureau of crop estimates, Department of Agriculture, for these three crops for each state from the records of 60 years.

On the other hand, the North Atlantic and the western states are regions of comparatively low risk, or deviation of yield per acre from the average, for wheat and oats, and the entire Atlantic coast and the west for corn.

The great corn belt, with its enormous production and surplus above local consumption, is, after all, prominently subject to risks of weather, insects and disease in the production of crops, and while it would be going too far to say of this region as a whole that the results of its agriculture are either "a feast or a famine," yet there is a tendency in this direction as the area covered by the average becomes more restricted to county, township and individual farm.

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Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

Historical and General Notes and Queries

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1921

NOTES

(Continued)

1814

Jan. 24th. A public dinner was given to Com. Perry at Washington. The speech of Hon. Elisha R. Potter, in the House of Representatives of the United States, on the bill making further provisions for filling the army, was published in the Mercury February 26.

A splendid service of plate was presented by the citizens of Boston to Commodore Perry. The Swedish Brig, Little Francis, Captain Briggs, 22 days from St. Barts, was chased on Smith's Beach, on the east side of Rhode Island, by the British Sloop of War, Nimrod, and set on fire. Every exertion was made by the militia of Middletown and the 3d Company of Militia from Newport and a detachment of seamen from the U. S. Flotilla, to prevent the Brig from being fired, but having no cannon with them their efforts were ineffectual. The Nimrod fired nearly two hundred cannon balls, of which one killed one of the Middletown company and another took off the leg of Isaac Bassett, a seaman belonging to the flotilla. The fire was extinguished and the vessel and part of the cargo saved.

The First Congregational Church in Providence, was burnt down on Tuesday, the 14th of June. This church was a splendid edifice and was built in 1795. It cost, including an organ and bell, thirty thousand dollars. The fire was the work of an incendiary. The building was insured for \$10,000.

By an agreement with the United States the Artillery Company took possession of Fort Greene. John Carter, Esq., died at Providence, on the 15th of August, aged 59 years. He was a native of Philadelphia, and served his apprenticeship with Benjamin Franklin. He was the proprietor of the Providence Gazette, which he edited upwards of 45 years.

The American fleet, under Com. MacDonough, defeated the English fleet under Com. Donnelly on Lake Champlain. The Americans had 52 killed and 59 wounded. The British loss was about 260 killed and wounded, including their Commander, Com. Donnelly, who was killed. All their vessels, excepting three galleys, were captured. Com. Crichton issued a proclamation against the inhabitants of Block Island, forbidding their boats, etc., from entering the ports of the State.

1815

In conformity to the President's proclamation, a National fast was observed on Thursday, the 12th of January.

The U. S. Frigate President, Com. S. Decatur, was captured by a British squadron, off Long Island, after a bloody engagement.

Rev. Samuel Wydown, a native of England, preached at the Second Baptist Church in Newport this year. Walter Channing, Esq., late of the firm of Gibbs and Channing, removed from Newport to Boston.

The treaty of Peace, between Great Britain and the United States of America, was signed at Ghent, and was ratified and proclaimed by the President of the United States, on the 18th of February, 1815. Great rejoicing took place throughout the United States, in consequence.

In Newport, the news was received, by express from Bristol, on Tuesday, the 14th of February, and issued at 3 o'clock in the morning from the Mercury Office, in a hand bill. It was received by all classes with the most lively joy and gratitude; the militia companies paraded and in the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated.

The anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in Newport by a prayer by Rev. Mr. Wydown, a poem by Geo. Wanton, reading of the Declaration of Independence by Henry Y. Cranston, and an oration by Nathaniel Hazard, Esq.

On Saturday, the 23d of September, the town of Newport was visited by one of the most awful and destructive storms ever experienced there; sweeping away and laying prostrate nearly everything in its course. The gale commenced early in the morning at the northeast and continued to increase in violence, the wind varying from N. E. to S. E. and S. W. till about 11 o'clock a. m., when it began to abate, and at one o'clock all damage from the wind and tide was over, and the afternoon was fair and mild.

The tide was three feet and a half higher than it was ever known before. Two dwelling houses and nine stores were carried away by the violence of the wind and tide and those which withstood the gale were rendered almost useless by the vessels driving against them, and a large amount of goods was lost. One of the houses was occupied by Mr. Andrew V. Allen, whose family, five in number, perished.

The wharves on the Point, with most of the stores, stables, etc., were carried away. The wharves in the other parts of the town, their stores, all sustained great injuries. The Martin store on the Long Wharf, was removed nearly six feet from its foundation, and a large three-story store belonging to Rhodes and Cahoon, was floated into the harbor.

The town sustained considerable damage, many of the streets were rendered impassable by a quantity of lumber, etc., lying about in every direction.

The steeples of the First and Second Congregational Churches were blown down and the roof of the Episcopal Church partly blown off, and the other public edifices sustained considerable injury. After the storm, all the windows were covered with a fine salt, which was conveyed from the ocean, and the leaves of the trees from the same cause were bruised and blasted.

The shipping in the harbor suffered severely, being drifted about at the mercy of the wind and sea. Of all the vessels at anchor, only one sloop rode out the gale. Most of the vessels were driven over the wharf into the Cove. Furniture, boxes, etc., and lumber were driven up by the tide, as far as Third street on the Point.

The farmers on the Island suffered great injury by their fruit, grain, etc., being blown down, and the grass

killed by the salt spray which covered it. Many of the fruit trees were entirely ruined. John Irish and two of his workmen were drowned at Sachuest Beach in an attempt to save his boats and seine.

The Stone Bridge which connected the Island with the Main, was rendered impassable, a great part of the cap stones, with the draw bridge and the toll house being carried away, and a channel about 300 feet long and 30 feet wide, where the toll house stood, was made. The lighthouse at Point Judith was swept off and William H. Knowles, a respected farmer, his son, and four of his workmen in attempting to save his boats, were drowned.

The storm did not extend much beyond New England. In New York it was hardly felt. At the session of the Supreme Court at South Kingstown in October, William Smith and James Billings were found guilty of burglary and received sentence of death.

One month later William Smith and James Billings, who were condemned to be hung at South Kingstown, had their sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

Died in New York, Feb. 24, 1815, Robert Fulton, Esq., aged 49, the celebrated inventor of the steam power as applied to vessels.

The U. S. Frigate Java, Com. O. H. Perry, sailed from Newport Jan. 23, 1816, for the Mediterranean. She took out the ratified treaty with Algiers. The physicians of Newport agree to vaccinate the poor, without fee or reward.

Fire: The house of William S. N. Allen on Long Wharf came near being consumed by fire on Monday night, the 5th inst. It broke out in the bakehouse and when discovered it had made considerable headway. By the exertions of the citizens the fire was speedily arrested without much damage.

The Stone Bridge that was nearly destroyed in the September gale of 1815 was repaired and was nearly finished on the first of June, 1816. It cost about \$20,000 to repair it.

1817 A bank in Newport was incorporated. It was first called the Eagle Bank, but was afterwards called the Merchants' Bank.

The steamboat Firefly, Capt. Smith, Commander, commenced her trips between Newport and Providence, May 26, 1817. On the arrival of Gov. Jones at Newport, on the evening previous to the election in May, he was received by a detachment from the Artillery Company, under the command of Robert B. Cranston, the Second Lieutenant of said Company, who, without reflection, directed the music to play "The Rogue's March," which gross insult was resented by the General Assembly, by ordering a court martial. It appearing on trial that Mr. Cranston was not on duty at the time the court decided that he was not liable.

James Munroe, President of the United States arrived at Newport June 23th, 1817, accompanied by several officers, on which occasion the house occupied by Com. Perry, and owned by Walter Channing, in Thames street, was procured by the town council for his reception.

On Nov. 22, 1817, the Newport Mercury was first published by W. & J. H. Barber.

1818 A new insurance company was formed in Newport called the Ocean Insurance Company.

Richard Durfee, who lately kept a tavern in the Martin house in Newport died suddenly at Groton, Conn., where he had lately returned; it was said, by taking poison. During the war he was accused of having forcibly carried on board a British man-of-war, two seamen who had deserted, and the public indignation was so great that he removed to Newport. His age was 48 years. He was a native of Rhode Island.

THE END

Mr. George W. West, who died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday afternoon at the age of eighty-five years, was a native of Westerly, but had spent a large part of his later life in Newport with his son, Mr. George E. West, on Third street. The remains were taken to Westerly for interment.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Coggeshall of Brookline, Mass., spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. John Ireys in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Oman spent Thanksgiving in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin G. Oman.

Mr. John B. Mason celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birth at his home on Division street on Friday.

Mr. Arthur B. Commerford has returned from a stay of several weeks at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Meaning of "Idaho."

The name "Idaho" was derived from a Shoshone Indian word which means "The gem of the mountains," and refers undoubtedly to the brightness of the shining sun on the mountain tops of the state.

The Oldest Science.

Astronomy has the glory of being the oldest of the sciences. It was by watching the spangled heavens that man first got his conception of an ordered universe, and from that the idea of other things governed by law.

When a Feller Needs a Friend.

Among the day's pathetic figures is the youngster who, as the school year draws to a close, seeks a diplomatic way of informing the old gent that he failed to pass.

In No Hurry.

"Slang" says one of its advocates, "eventually becomes part of the language." All right—we'll wait.

Volunteers Attend to That.

History repeats itself, but gossip doesn't have to.—Boston Transcript.

IDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Berkeley Dramatic Club

The annual election of officers of the Berkeley Dramatic Club was held recently in the Berkeley Parish House. Mr. Russell M. Peckham presided over the meeting. The following officers were elected:

President—William S. Bailey, 8d.
Vice President—LeRoy Peckham.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Florence Barker, Peckham.
Secretary—Treasurer—Miss Amy Demery.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Lewis B. Plummer, Miss Ethel L. Wyatt, Gordon D. Oxx and Russel M. Peckham.

The entertainment committee for the next meeting is Mrs. Florence B. Peckham, Harold Goddard and Gordon D. Oxx.

Glória Pemitto, the 13-year old Portuguese girl who was run over by an automobile about a month ago, has returned to her home at the William Anthony place from the Newport Hospital. She had a broken arm and a broken leg. Her arm is still in a sling and her leg in a plaster cast.

An army truck going toward Newport one evening recently about 10:30 skidded and struck the bank just north of the town hall. The left wheels were stuck in the mud in the deep gutter, and it was removed with great difficulty.

Improvements are being made at the Fales place, at one time owned by Mr. Aurel Batonyi, which it is reported has recently been sold. The bushes which had grown so dense in front of the house were hardly visible, have been trimmed out or cut down. This place is on the East Main Road opposite Valley Road.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Irish held an informal reception on Friday evening in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Services were omitted at the Holy Cross Church on Sunday, owing to the canvass for the nation-wide campaign, which was made by the following members of the parish: Mrs. Henry Delhous, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Simmons, Mrs. Pascal M. Conley, Mrs. Harold Chase, Mrs. Daniel Chase, Mrs. Willard Chase and Mrs. George W. Thurston.

The Wednesday evening prayer service of the Methodist Episcopal Church was followed by a rehearsal of the pageant, The Coming of Truth, which will be given next Sunday evening. The pageant is under the direction of Mrs. Andrew S. Muirhead, assisted by Mrs. Edward E. Peckham, Miss Sadie I. Peckham, and Mrs. Clifton D. Ward.

The meeting of the Home Missionary Society which was to have been held on Tuesday afternoon was postponed a week, owing to the funeral of Mrs. Lyman H. Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet and son, Mr. George Sweet, who have sold their home on Mill Lane, have moved to their new home on West Main Road. This property was formerly the property of Mrs. Sweet's father, Mr. Joseph Anthony.

Mrs. George Kimball has returned to her home in North Haverhill, N. H., after spending a month with her sister, Mrs. George R. Chase.

December 14 is the date which has been set for the Christmas sale of St. Columba's Guild.

The Berkeley Branch of the Women's Auxiliary have packed several packages of clothing, containing baby clothes, and wearing apparel for boys and girls, men and women of all ages. These packages will be taken to the supply house of the diocese in Providence by the President of St. Columba's Guild, Miss Alice Brownell, from which they will be distributed to the needy. The Auxiliary will make flannel petticoats and night dresses this winter, which will also be sent to the supply house for Missions.

Mr. Samuel Dodge is having an artesian well driven at his home on Oliphant Lane.

The public school committee held its monthly meeting and a large amount of business was transacted. The board was re-organized as follows: Chairman, Fred P. Webber; Clerk, Joel Peckham. Mr. Webber was appointed to collect the rent of the school lot on Berkeley avenue. It was voted to hold school committee meetings at the town hall on the third Monday evening of each school month, from May to September, inclusive, at 8 o'clock, and at 7:30 o'clock for the other months.

The following sub-committees were appointed:—Oliphant School, G. Alvin Simmons; Wyatt School, Fred P. Webber; Wilber School, Joel Peckham; Paradise School, Mrs. John Nicholson; Peabody School, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham.

The number of pupils attending the Rogers High School, the tuition for which is paid by the town, was 45 for the first quarter ending November, the rate being \$100 for each scholar. The school lot of six acres on Berkeley avenue was leased to Joseph Dutra for a term of five years.

It was decided not to allow Red Cross seals sold at the schools during the year, and no fund be collected for the Near East Relief fund.

Messrs. Howard R. Peckham and Joseph E. Kline, of the Berkeley building committee, were present to discuss the fittings of the new rooms at that school, which they hope to have ready for occupancy in about ten days. It was reported that the plastering had been recently completed in the new addition on the Oliphant School.

The public schools were closed on Wednesday night and will re-open on Monday.

The Holy Cross branch of the Sunshine Society of Newport gave a whist at the Holy Cross Guild House on Tuesday evening, which was well attended. Refreshments were served.

Mr. Samuel Dodge recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday at his home on Oliphant Lane.

Mrs. Margaret (Ward) Barker, wife of Mr. Lyman H. Barker, died at her home in Newport recently, after a long illness. She was born at the old Channing place, near the First Beach, on January 23, 1850, and has resided here nearly all her life. Before moving to Newport a few years ago her home was a well known boarding place, "Sea Breeze Farm," on Paradise avenue. After selling it they spent their winters in Newport and their summers in this town.

Mrs. Barker was the oldest of seven children of John Barker Ward and

Ann Sarah (Sherman) Ward. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and many years an active worker in the Epworth League and Ladies' Aid Society. She is survived by her husband and three daughters, Mrs. Robert W. Smith, Mrs. John Nicholson and Miss Amy Barker, a teacher in the Newport public schools. One brother, Mr. Joseph Hooker Ward, and a sister, Mrs. Isaac Peabody, of this town, also survive her. Three deceased brothers, the late Charles H. Ward, A. Herbert Ward and George Ward, were all town officers. The funeral was held on Tuesday at 2:00 p. m. from her late home in Newport. The interment was in the Middletown cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., November 7, 1921.
Estate of Charles E. Allen

REQUEST in writing is made by Frederick and Caroline Mott, creditors of Charles E. Allen, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that said Frederick Mott of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the 5th day of December at 2 o'clock p. m. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

11-19-21

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., November 7, 1921.

Estate of Earl A. Smith, Jr.

A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Earl A. Smith, Jr., a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of Earl A. Smith, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, that he has made choice of Harry L. Smith, of said New Shoreham, as guardian of his person and estate, and requesting the court to approve said choice; and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

11-19-21

Put End to That Affair.

I had seventeen years of age and I just completed junior high school when I met a traveling man who seemed very nice. After having gone with him three months I had fallen in love with him. He left about a week afterward to go to his headquarters. I received several letters from him, and then a sudden stop, when I received one of my letters back, which had written on the back: "Gone home to spend a week with his wife and children," and signed by his boss.—Chicago Journal.

Figuratively Speaking.

Near Fresno, California, in the San Joaquin valley, is a tree that is said to yield annually two tons of white figs. It is really five trees growing as one, the wide-spreading branches of the several trunks having been joined by grafting some years ago. With a yearly income from this source alone of \$500, an income that is steadily growing, the owner might not very far in the future, be said to be living not only under his own fig tree but on it.

A Freak Dinner.

Freak dinners, says London Sketch, are no new invention; they are as old as the first rich and greedy men. One that took place some generations ago was held at Carlton house, Pall Mall. There were over 2,000 guests, and the two chief features of the occasion were big Sam, a porter eight feet high, and a marble canal down the center of the high table filled with living gold and silver fish.

Sweetbread and Pancreas.

The organ known as sweetbread in a calf or other animal corresponds to the organ in the human body known as the pancreas, which is a gland associated with the stomach that secretes ferments which aid the process of digestion by changing, for instance, starch into sugar, and fats into fatty acids. The pancreas of cattle or sheep used as food is known as sweetbread.

Don't Breathe Iodine Fumes.

Fumes of iodine have recently been urged as a method of administering that drug preferable to the usual tincture. It has been shown by experiments that fumes are absorbed through the skin; and when inhaled are absorbed by the lungs, but it was shown also that inhalation is very dangerous even in small quantities, especially when there is any disease of the respiratory passages.

Trees Know Winter.

The great buds of the horse chestnut have a most elaborate arrangement for the winter protection of the delicate parts within, says the American Forestry Magazine. The baby flower cluster is covered by the downy growth of the undeveloped leaves. The latter are surrounded by the tough, hard scale, and these are varnished over to keep out the water.

Lines to Be Remembered.

A word that has been said may be unsaid—it is but air. But when a deed is done it cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts reach out to all the misdeeds that may follow.—Henry W. Longfellow.

The Woman Who Doubts.

It's difficult to make a woman who washes, trons, cooks, sweeps, dusts, takes care of children and sews for the family believe the man who has an office job works hard.—Aitchison Globe.

No. Mr. Grump, we do not believe the ocean is blue because it has to embrace so many objectionable people.—Boston Transcript.

Almost a Cinch.

"Tain't no use of reminding a friend of his faults," said Uncle Eben. "De chances are dat his relations has done told 'im all about 'em."

One Good They Do.

Some folks find fault so much that they drive other folks to finding no fault at all.

Simple Duty.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.—Whittier.

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DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED
STATES DISTRICT OF
RHODE ISLAND

Thomas W. Miller, Alien
Property Custodian
vs.
J. Roth

Motion for Order of Notice by Publication

In the above entitled cause the Petitioner moves that notice of the pendency of this cause be given to J. Roth, Aurel Batonyi, and Johanna Batonyi, together with their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, and to the International Reservation Company, by publication, in accordance with the prayer in said Bill of Complaint, directing said respondents, and each of them to appear, plead, answer or demur by a day certain to be designated, and also that subpoena and a copy of this notice be served upon the person now in possession of certain real estate in this district, as set out in said Bill of Complaint, and show unto this Honorable Court:

That this is a suit brought for the purpose of removing a cloud upon the title of certain real estate within this district.

That the respondents, J. Roth, Johanna Batonyi, Aurel Batonyi are not inhabitants of or to be found within this district.

That the charter of the International Reservation Company has been declared forfeited by the State of Rhode Island, and the said corporation has no office or address.

By his Attorney,

JOHN A. MURPHY, JR.

A true copy,

Attest:
L. B. LAWTON,
Chief Deputy Clerk.

11-12-21

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED
STATES DISTRICT OF
RHODE ISLAND

Thomas W. Miller, Alien
Property Custodian
vs.
J. Roth

Order

This matter came on to be heard this day on motion of John A. Murphy, Jr., solicitor for the complainant, and it is

HEREBY ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED, that said J. Roth, Aurel Batonyi, and Johanna Batonyi, or their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, if either or any of them be dead, together with the International Reservation Company come into Court and plead, answer or demur to the Bill of Complaint in this cause, on or before the 31st day of December, A. D. 1921.

And that a copy of said Motion and this Order be published once a week for six successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in the City of Newport, Rhode Island.

And that a copy of this Motion and Order be served upon Joseph E. Murphy, the person now in possession of part of the real estate, set out in said Bill of Complaint.

By the Court (Brown, J.) Nov. 8, 1921.

THOMAS HOPE, Clerk.

Enter November 8, 1921.

Arthur L. Brown, J.

A true copy,

Attest:
L. B. LAWTON,
Chief Deputy Clerk.

11-12-21

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., November 7, 1921.

Estate of Louis E. Smith

HARRY L. SMITH, Administrator of the estate of Louis E. Smith, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

11-19-21

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 21st, 1921.

Estate of Julia L. Smith

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of JULIA L. SMITH, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 2nd day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

11-26

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., November 7, 1921.

Estate of Ezra and Spencer Smith

DEBORAH A. SMITH, in writing is made by Deborah A. Smith, of said New Shoreham, requesting that Harry L. Smith, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the persons and estates of Ezra Smith and Spencer Smith, minors under the age of fourteen years, children of Ezra A. Smith, late of New Shoreham, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the 5th day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

11-19-